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LATEST FROM THE JOHNSTOWN HORROR.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1889.

VOLUME LIV.—No. 615.
Price Ten Cents.



THE CRUEL CONEMAUGH.

MOTHER AND BABE, CLASPED IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS, CAST UP BY THE WATERS.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1889.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.

THE NEW
FIGHTING COLORS OF JAKE KILRAIN,
Matched to fight John L. Sullivan for the
"Police Gazette" champion belt and
\$20,000.

ARE NOW READY.

Sporting Men, Saloon-Keepers and others
who desire to purchase these colors can
obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this
office. Orders should be sent immediately,
as the supply is limited.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

OUR WORK IN JOHNSTOWN.

On other pages of this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE will be found delineations of the terrible scenes of the Johnstown disaster and a succinct story of the occurrences portrayed faithfully by painstaking and careful correspondents and artists of the POLICE GAZETTE staff, who were hurriedly despatched to the scene of the horror as soon as the news of the breaking of the dam had been flashed into this office. And yet no pen could portray nor pencil delineate the facts and occurrences as they took place. Even the descriptive power of a Dickens or the artistic brain of a Dore would fail to do justice to the awful "action" in the Valley of Death during the past two weeks. The correspondents and artists lay claim to no such powers, but they have done the best they could with the almost insurmountable difficulties that confronted them at every point. In any event no other paper has approached them in point of accuracy, and no pains, labor, time or money has been spared to present the scenes just as they occurred. The readers of the POLICE GAZETTE will no doubt appreciate this fact after having read our report and criticised our sketches.

THE POLICE GAZETTE, ever to the fore in matters appertaining to the public weal, suggests as a possible Presidential ticket for the year 2000; For President—Baby McKee. For Vice-President—Susan B. Anthony. 'Rah!

Our well fixed natives are now flocking ruralward to bask in the shadows of the forests and to snake the little fishes in the brook. Tommy, Pety, S'mantha and the baby will go along and will monkey with the festive watermelon, the Erin-green apple and the cross-country bull, and Pa, in his Father Hubbard, and Ma, in her nightgown, will do the go-as-you-please tramp act all night long through the whole summer and write letters to their envious neighbors at home, telling them what real nice times they are having, and how many blankets they are sleeping under. Such 's life.

THE West Point cadets, who are on furlough, and the members of the just graduated class, who are now full-fledged officers, came to town a few nights ago, did the theatros and the elephant, and filled the atmosphere chock full of fireworks. The POLICE GAZETTE fiend, who was once a West Pointer himself, will tell the "boys" what he knows about cadet life in next week's issue of this, the "boys'" favorite paper. Watch for it, boys, and if the fiend overdraws the matter come down to the POLICE GAZETTE office in a body and—well! We know a Benny Havens on Franklin Square.

New developments are daily occurring in the Chicago Dr. Cronin murder case, and as the POLICE GAZETTE goes to press several new arrests have been made in the case. Alexander Sullivan, the Irish leader, has been arrested in Chicago, and John J. Maroney and Charles McDonald, two New Yorkers, were gathered in by Inspector Byrnes. These arrests were made in accordance with the recommendations of the Coroner's jury, and the men will be turned over to the tender mercies of the Grand Jury. Twenty other alleged conspirators are to be arrested as soon as they can be placed. Next week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE will tell the whole story in detail.

MASKS AND FACES

"Off for Europe!"--Daisies,
Dudes and Dollars.

BOUCICAULT AS A COOK.

Anecdotes About Actresses--Gone
on Granier--Stage Beauties.

PORTRAIT OF TERRY.

The steamers that leave New York nowadays for Europe always have an actor or a couple of actresses, plus a mamma, on board.



Maudie Harrison called the other day with her mamma.

Mrs. Potter sailed with her papa. Kylie Bellew went along just for company, you know.

Jimmy Powers is ready to go. He is just waiting till he has mastered the irregular verbs.

Marie Jansen may go shortly. I notice that actresses, when the steamer leaves, are the recipients of less flowers than the common run of women.

This may seem strange, but it's true. I can explain it only by the fact that actresses receive flowers for show on the stage, out of the bravado of admirers, and not in the sincerity of honest friendship.

I witnessed a queer sight when Jesse Williams sailed for Europe the other day.

A gay and giddy burlesquer, Daisy Dimple, was on board.

The gang plank was down; the steamer was to sail in ten minutes; the dock was thronged with the burlesquer's admirers.

Daisy Dimple stood on the deck, leaned on the railing and smiled at the gallants who had taken the trouble to get up at six in the morning and come down to see her off.

"Goodbye!" "Be good!" "Don't mash too many dukes."

Such were some of the exclamations that floated between Daisy and her admirers.

All of a sudden Dasher Van Killam, the swiftest of the lot, began to fling silver dollars at his darling, and the steerage passengers and the sturdy first-classer, and the deck hands and every body else was attracted by that Argentine shower of rain.

Dasher Van Killam let those silver dollars rain on Daisy Dimple with uninterrupted generosity for five minutes. Many were caught by the deck hands. Many fell into the water. But Daisy Dimple looked proud, happy and smiling, that there was a fellow who'd make a public exhibition of his devotion to her so profusely, in so original, shining, clinking a manner.

All fools aren't dead yet.

Marcus Mayer, who with Charley Schroeder will delight Paris and London this summer, once gave me his views of the girls of Montevideo, South America.

"The girls are the loveliest I ever saw. There is one part of the theatre where they only allow ladies. That is the 'Cazuela.' It is the circle just below the gallery, or 'Paraiso,' and one of the male sex is not allowed there, and ladies are not allowed to wear bonnets in the 'Cazuela.' The front row is reserved, and we charge six dollars for these seats. The back rows are for the admission tickets to the 'Cazuela,' and for these we get one dollar and fifty cents. At about five o'clock the young ladies commence congregating at the door, and there they stand until seven o'clock, and keep up such a clatter and row that the police often compel us to open the doors and let them in at half-past six o'clock. You should see the scramble! They are worse than men or boys. They take the seats back of the front row, and those who are lucky get a seat, while the unfortunate damsels are compelled to stand up. This place will hold about eight hundred women, and it is a

beautiful sight to look up at them in all the colors of the rainbow—beautiful brunettes, all bedecked in diamonds. At the close of the performance a platoon of soldiers—fifty men—forms on each side of the door at the exit to the streets and keeps the crowd back, so that the young ladies can depart in peace, and as they go they are met by their brothers or fathers or some escort to see them home."

I remember when traveling from Marseilles to Paris some eight years ago we had Jeanne Grahier on board the train. As we stopped at Dijon, I think it was, for refreshments, I saw a young fellow in a smoking cap, in slippers, walking along the platform, a pipe between his teeth.

He was a student, surrounded by fellow-students. Suddenly he caught sight of Granier. She was asking a guard to bring her a glass of water. The student rushed forward, procured her the water, and without a word entered her compartment. "I love you," said he to the astonished actress. "I have loved you long. I have a complete collection of your photographs."

"All aboard!" shouted the guard. The student didn't get off. He actually rode with Granier from Dijon to Paris in his slippers, his smoking cap and his cheek, and I hear she afterwards took quite a fancy to him.

When we go to the theatre, my friend, we often see a handsome actress who shows a very small quantity of intelligence. We are then led to speculate on the relations betwixt looks and brains.

Beauty by itself goes a great way. I think a woman ought to look her part. I think that a Desdemona who is homely, whose hair is not of that rich blonde in which Venice delighted, who halts and stutters, whose eyes are not of amorous and melting warmth and lustre, ought to be killed in the first act instead of the fifth.

The beauties have ruled men from the earliest day. If photographs had been in fashion in the days of Solomon, he would doubtless have given his to the Queen of Sheba.

Wales, as you know, once gave his to Langtry. She shows it proudly to her visitors.

Helen of Troy, who raised the devil with Menelaus and violated the seventh commandment in Greek with Paris, was handsome, but she hadn't overmuch brains. Helen was one of the greatest actresses in history. You don't find her name on play bills, but she was a great actress all the same.

Bracegirdle wasn't half as great an actress as some say she was, but, by a look, she could make the gallants give up the dust.

Pez Woffington was a looker, they say, but her head was not overcharged with grey matter.

Siddons had both brains and beauty, but Miss O'Neill had no great claims to intelligence.

Adelaide Neilson was a beauty and a great brain too. She had a level head. She used to treat the boys to drinks after the show, herself standing in front of the bar.

You have probably never heard of Anna Cora Mowatt of Virginia. She was a professional beauty in her day. E. L. Davenport was quite enthralled by her. She was featured, photographed, puffed, pushed. Who knows her to-day?

Helen Western and Ada Isaacs Menken were stage beauties, but their names will not rank in stage history with that of homely Charlotte Cushman and plain Mrs. Kendal.

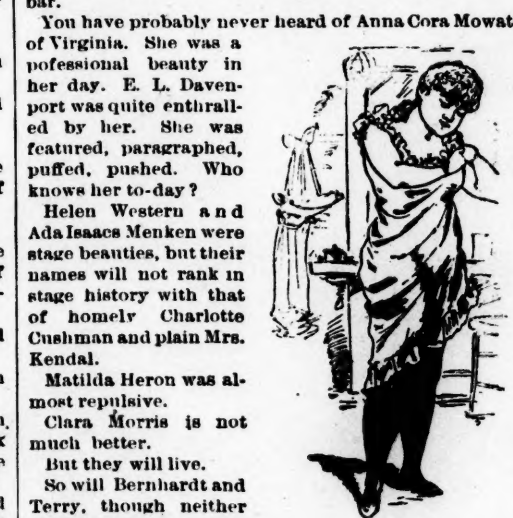
Matilda Heron was almost repulsive. Clara Morris is not much better.

But they will live. So will Bernhardt and Terry, though neither has the classic regularity of feature of Anderson nor wealth of bust of Coghlan.

Have you ever seen the pen picture Charles Reade, the novelist, drew of Ellen Terry in his diary? Here it is.

"Ellen Terry, a young lady highly gifted with what Voltaire justly calls *le grand art de plaire*. She was a very promising actress, married young to Mr. Watt, the painter. Unfortunately differences ended in a separation, and instead of returning to the stage she wasted some years in the country. In 1873 I coaxed her back to play *Philippa* at the Queen's Theatre, and she was afterward my leading actress in a provincial tour. She played *Helen Rolloston* very finely (*Ephl Play*). In 1875 engaged to play *Portia* at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, and her performance is the principal histrionic attraction, the *Shylock* of Mr. Coghlan being considered somewhat slow and monotonous. Ellen Terry is an enigma. Her eyes are pale, her nose rather long, her mouth nothing particular. Complexion a delicate brick dust, her hair rather like tow. Yet somehow she is beautiful. Her expression kills any pretty face you see beside her. Her figure is lean and bony, her hand masculine in size and form. Yet she is a pattern of fawnlike grace, whether in movement or repose. Grace pervades the hussey. In character impulsive, intelligent, weak, hysterical—in short, all that is abominable and charming in woman."

I called on Annie and Lizzie Alliston some time ago. They take a great interest in artistic knick-knacks, these clever women, and they have quite a fine collection of their own. I remember having seen among their treasures the oddest pair of Zulu earrings which were picked up by the blond burlesquers at Cape Town. I also remember the little fetich they brought along from India, the boomerang that migrated from Australia, the fishing rod from Japan, a jewel case from Singapore, and an ex-



quisite little pair of agate boots from Hong Kong. The rooms of the Misses Alliston are, in fact, a kind of museum. A fellow feels like exclaiming with the old writer:

"Curios of all sorts can here be seen,
Strange things in nature as they grew so,
Some relics of the Sheba Queen
And fragments of the famed Bob Crusoe!"

Boucicault and his latest wife are regular first-nighters.

I hear that once during a Southern tour Mr. Boucicault and his company were compelled to remain over night at Jackson, Miss.

Strange as it may appear, the principal hotel in the place was in a most dilapidated condition. The windows, even in the best apartments, were entirely destitute of glass, and the house was not celebrated for its cuisine.

His manager came to him in great trepidation, and apologizing for the wretched accommodations, feared his "star" would get but a poor dinner.

"Why, have you had yours?" suddenly asked Boucicault, astonishing the manager with his question.

"No!" "Don't worry about me. Come here in half an hour and you'll think differently."

When the manager returned he found a dainty and extremely savory meal upon the centre table, which was set for two.

"Sit down with me. Do you find it good?" said Boucicault, after a few minutes.

"Good!" exclaimed the now hunger-appeased manager. "It is equal to Delmonico. A splendid French dinner."

"But cooked by an Irishman." "An Irishman? Who is he?"

"Meeself," said Boucicault, with characteristic brevity.

Steele Mackaye is another playwright who is regular at first nights when in town.

Sidney Rosenfeld, in spite of the hot weather, has been in town a great deal lately, and Yonkers is deserted.

Sedley Brown, the author of "Pine Meadow," the new play produced at the authors' matinee at the Madison Square, has shaved off his mustache, and looks more like an actor now.

Sedley Brown is small and slight, but devilish game for his weight, so look out for him. His wife, Henriette Crossman, is one of the prettiest women on our stage.

I overheard quite a clever bit between two dudes in the lobby the other night.

"Think we've time for a cigarette, old chappie?" "Well, old chappie, considering thirty years are supposed to elapse between this act and the next, I think we have."

ROSEN.

RED PEPPER AT A RECEPTION.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The young ladies of the Delta Gamma Society connected with the University of Wisconsin, at Madison, Wis., gave a reception recently in honor of the visiting delegates to the National Convention then in session there.

In the latter part of the evening some of the students caused a commotion among the guests by blowing a large quantity of red pepper through a hole in the ceiling, giving everybody a sneezing fit and making some of the ladies sick. The police were called in and tried to capture the miscreants. A tussle took place, during which one of the professors gently stepped through the ceiling.

BONIFACE GEORGE MOUNTFORD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of George Mountford, the well-known sporting man, of Birmingham England, and proprietor of the Union Bar, Union street, Birmingham. Mountford was born at Worcester, England, on Dec. 11, 1846. Besides the Union Bar, Mountford is the proprietor of the Anchor Inn and the Duke of York. He is one of the most popular and well-known sporting men in Birmingham, and was an intimate friend of Fred Archer, the late well-known jockey. Besides being a boniface, Mountford is an expert boxer and general athlete. He is a member of the Birmingham Boxing Club, and a keen lover of all manly sports.

CLEVER DAN COLLYER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Dan Collyer, long one of the favorites at Harrigan's, is in our dramatic picture gallery this week. He was born in Baltimore, Md., and now lives in his own house in Harlem, New York. Mr. Collyer is an excellent impersonator of Yankee, Irish and negro character. His nigger wench *Fidel*, in "Pete," was a truly artistic bit of work, worthy of special mention in the history of the American stage. Mr. Collyer will probably star before long, and his many friends will wish him all possible success.

A PLUCKY CINCINNATI GIRL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Kate Dudley, of No. 137 George street, Cincinnati, was awakened from her slumbers recently by a strange noise. Looking around the room she discovered a colored man standing in the middle of it. With a scream she jumped out of bed, and the burglar made a rush for the window he had gained entrance through and escaped. The fellow carried a large jimmy in one hand and had a revolver in the other.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

DESOLATION!

The Work of Reclaiming
Corpses Still Going
on at Johnstown.

BRAIN-CRAZING SCENES

Nearly Four Thousand Bodies
Recovered and More
to Come.

SUNDAY IN THE VALLEY.

Ministers of the Gospel Dilating
Upon the Responsibility.

WHO ARE THE GUILTY ONES?

A Terrible Accounting Ahead for Those
Who May Be Inculpated.

WILD, WEIRD OCCURRENCES.

Ghouls Driven Out of Town and Lag-
gards Compelled to Work.

THE VALLEY NO PLACE FOR EITHER.

Police Gazette Correspondents and
Artists on Duty.

SCENES TRUTHFULLY DEPICTED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATIONS.]

JOHNSTOWN, June 12.—There is every indication at the present time of writing that the death-roll of the Conemaugh will not reach above 5,000. It may possibly be less. Already nearly 4,000 bodies have been recovered, and as 21,000 survivors have already been registered, things look brighter, if such an awful calamity can have a bright side.

The work of unearthing the dank, weird-looking corpses continues, and on Saturday fifty-eight were added to the roster. On Sunday willing hands worked anxiously amid the debris, spurred on by the frantic appeals of grief-stricken relatives and friends of those who had not been accounted for.

You who sit in your quiet homes, even though you exchange pitying ejaculations of commiseration among yourselves concerning the horror, can have no idea of the appalling scenes witnessed by the correspondents and artists of the POLICE GAZETTE, who have been here all week looking over the Valley of Death and lending a helping hand here and there where it was needed.

The shrieks, groans, moans and ejaculations of poor women, wringing their hands and begging for even the slightest news of their lost ones; men prematurely gray, wrecks of their former selves, beseeching for the slightest token of some one or more they loved most dear; little children in tatters—children too young even to appreciate the terribleness of the dire calamity—running about fatherless and motherless crying for food. These scenes and scenes worse of constant occurrence; of so constant occurrence that we have almost become accustomed to them. But even the stout hearts of newspaper men, who are accustomed to death and disaster, of holocaust and flood, have been made to quail at some of the sights witnessed.

It is a wonder that the valley is not a valley of raving maniacs, and that Johnstown has not been turned into a colossal mad house.

One man did go mad yesterday, and it can be seen by the glaring eyes and unnatural actions of others that reason has been dethroned at least temporarily. Nerves have been stretched to the greatest tension by hundreds who realized the fact that to give way meant a contagion in this regard, and so each bore up under the awful scenes in order that he or she might not unnerve his or her fellows.

A young soldier, Private Young, of Company C, Fourteenth regiment, upon being relieved from duty for a while this afternoon, went into his tent, put the muzzle of his musket in his mouth, and blew the side of his head off. It is said he had been on duty sixty hours, but this is undoubtedly an exaggeration. It is a notorious fact, however, that the soldiers are doing twice as much work as they ought to be asked to do, and that, too, under the most unhealthy conditions and with poor rations.

The soldier boys have done nobly and have suffered with the rest of the sufferers.

Much more could be told regarding the way in which the ghouls were treated than has been told. In some instances they were led quietly outside the lines and then with a gentle, persuasive power, in the shape of a large-sized boot-heel, they were informed that unless they made themselves scarce they might expect summary vengeance. In most instances, however, the injunction was given over their detestable corpses. The most of these were Hungarians, and they had evidently formed themselves into a society for the purpose of robbing the dead. They cut the fingers and ear-lobes from the bodies of the unfortunates in order to steal

from Johnstown, was built by the State as a feeder to the canal, and was completed in 1851. As originally built across the valley it had a width of base 320 feet and 30 feet on the crown, with a height of 90 feet at the centre face, the outside slope being 45 degrees and the inside slope 25 degrees.

The dam was built of puddled clay, faced inside with stone and with riprap of great stones on the outside, the proportion being 200 feet of clay and 100 of riprap, diminishing with the slope. The length of the dam was 350 feet. The culvert was 12 feet in diameter, and in its centre was the regulating pipe.



GUARDING THE RUINS.

the rings and ear-rings. When apprehended in the act a well-directed bullet "got there" and did its work admirably.

The lovers or admirers of sensation, tragedy and grim death have had a large field for their morbidity here during the past week, and it has been taken advantage of to an enormous degree. Elegantly dressed women have arrived on nearly every incoming train for the mere purpose of feasting upon the terrible sights, and have enjoyed themselves to their allied hearts' content. They have been snubbed at every point, and their stay has been of short duration, but when they departed with the "good riddance" of those who had a more praiseworthy object in view, they gave way to new batches of the same brand of humanity (?) which were in turn given to understand that their room was better than their company.

These are strange scenes, and one would scarce imagine that one was within a short hour's ride of the thriving city of Pittsburgh. It is what one might picture as the legendary Judgment Day. If the Judgment Day is to be any worse than this has been, I want to wind up my business and saunter across the boundary line. It has been a sad Judgment Day for the poor, suffering souls here, and even those who have attended to their religious duties since childhood and were nurtured in the faith, look at each other, wringing their hands and muttering:

"What have we done to deserve this?"

And the answer comes in moaning and through tears:

"God alone knows! He works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform!"

The ministers who preached on the mountain-side on Sunday tried to explain it. Some said it was a visitation of Providence, others dodged the subject, while still others came out boldly and said that God had nothing whatever to do with it, but that it was due entirely to the culpability of the wealthy Pittsburgh members of the South Fork Fishing Club, who, to gratify their own pleasurable desires at the least possible expense, had permitted the dam to go unrepaired and uncared for, to the danger of the inhabitants of the erstwhile quiet valley, who had never harmed anybody.

Then the doubters shook their heads and asked out boldly if the Supreme Being did not control the actions of His creatures, even if they were wealthy.

Then the ministers again dodged the subject and remarked, "Let us pray."

A scene followed that cannot be depicted on paper.

"This dam was abandoned after the sale of the canal by the State, and the culvert and adjacent parts were washed out. The dam was subsequently reconstructed by the South Fork Fishing Club in 1852. The culvert was closed up with solid stone, filled in with dirt back.

"This dam was 75 feet high and had a waste weir 40 feet wide by 10 feet deep cut in the solid rock.

"The dam did not burst, but the water rose so rapidly that the waste weir could not carry it off, and it overflowed and washed out a gap in the dam 325 feet wide on the top and 175 at the bottom. The lake above the dam was 2.9 miles long and 1/2 mile in width, with a maximum depth of 60 feet and an average depth of 45 feet. This volume of water was discharged, according to the evidence of the engineer in charge, Mr. John G. Parke, in 45 minutes.

"From all this information it is seen that the dam did not burst; that its strength was sufficient for the work it had to do; that it was lower than the old dam, and was provided with a waste weir of a large, though, as events show, insufficient dimension. The washing out of the dam was not unexpected. For hours the engineer saw that it was inevitable, since the water had risen above the crown of the dam, and was flowing over it, and this, in the impossibility of increasing the waste weirs, made the failure of the dam by washing out merely a question of time. The engineer sent men and rode himself down the valley, warning the people that the dam was breaking. Many not only saved themselves but their furniture, and those in Johnstown had abundant time after the warning to have escaped, but they did not realize the effect of such a flood, and remained in the houses, no doubt expecting a flood, but not a torrent and a deluge. The damming up of the water against the stone bridge, no doubt, was the cause of a very large part of the loss of life.

"Insufficient overflow weirs and the material of which the dam was built seem to have been the chief defects in the structure, which was strong enough. No engineer should think of building an earth dam at such a point, and had this dam been built of rock the overflow would not have worn it away.

"An earth dam has appropriate places, but one of them certainly is not just above a thickly inhabited valley.

"When the canal was sold by the State the old dam was abandoned. The culvert was broken up, and that made a large opening in the centre of the dam. When the fishing club bought it they filled this up with loose

waste weir to have prevented the fearful calamity which occurred. An overflow might have happened at the sides, but the water would have flowed so slowly as not to have endangered life."

There has been culpable negligence somewhere, and future investigation will place the responsibility exactly where it belongs. Then somebody will have to "stand from under."

The people here are determined that there shall be no evasion or dissimulation in this matter, and there is trouble at hand for somebody if the responsibility can be placed. The poverty-stricken people who, one short week ago, had no care and were thrifty, have seen their houses razed to the ground, their families swept away and their teeming valley laid waste. As soon as the last corpse has been reclaimed and buried; as soon as they have recovered from the shock of the awful calamity, as soon as they can turn their attention to a realization of the terrible trials they have undergone, they will order a full and searching inquiry, and those guilty of this worse than crime will be made to suffer, if there is any law or justice in the land.

And there is. Governor Beaver, of this State, has been here pretty much all week and the old veteran has done much to straighten out matters. His presence has had a good effect on the almost panic-stricken and nearly crazed people, and he has succeeded in converting chaos into something more tangible.

It has been denied that there was any clash between the good governor and the Pittsburgh authorities, but this can hardly be true. Soon after he arrived he surveyed the ground and after he had seen that everything was progressing as well as might be under the existing circumstances, he telegraphed to Mayor Grant, of New York, that everything was doing nicely and that no more money need be sent until it was telegraphed for. This was in answer to a message sent by your Mayor, asking what disposition should be made of the several hundred thousand dollars subscribed by charitably-disposed New Yorkers for the relief of the sufferers. An hour later the Pittsburgh authorities telegraphed to New York for immediate aid in the way of dollars, picturing the utter destitution of the sufferers. Mayor Grant returned word that he was in communication with Governor Beaver, and that settled it.

There's where the clash came in, and that's all there is in it.

Among the heart-rending stories which have come to the notice of our correspondent is this:

Tom McConnell is an engineer on the Stony Creek



IN CAMP ON THE RUINS.

Railroad which runs through the valley. He and his good wife, Mrs. Margaret McConnell, dwell in Woodvale, one of the ruined boroughs which formed a part of Johnstown, until shortly before the floods came. Opposite them dwelt a family named Treff. Desiring to be nearer the scene of his employment, Tom determined to move from his Woodvale cottage and seek a home in Kernville, further up on the mountain. Before moving he determined to have his cottage photographed, and a photographer was summoned.

Having no children of their own, and being passionately fond of little ones, the kindly couple had loved and coveted "Baby" Treff, their good neighbor's child. The child had been their favorite since babyhood, and was their almost constant companion. The child was invited over to have his picture taken with the goodly McConnells.

When the floods came through Woodvale the borough was almost entirely obliterated. Mr. and Mrs. Treff and their family of seven, including "Baby" Treff, about four years of age, were lost. Engineer Tom, on his engine, drew into the Bedford street station at Kernville on the fatal day. It was about four o'clock when he dismounted from his cab and started for home. An hour later the rushing waters came onward and blotted out of existence all the valley towns. Hero Tom rushed to the rescue, and, as the waters backed up into Stony Creek Valley, he was in the fore in saving lives. Dashing bravely into the angry waters, he drew out from under form until he had saved seven lives—all women. A child came floating by.

"That looks like Baby Treff," said he between his set teeth, as he dashed into the tide. He grasped the little one by the hair and then drew it tenderly ashore.

It was not Baby Treff.

"If the child's parents are lost we'll adopt it!" he said to his wife, as he delivered it over to her.

"That we will," responded the kindly-hearted woman.

Later on their fears and hopes were alike dispelled. A villager named Flynn claimed the little one and it was given over to his care.

Back to the river went brave Tom. Another infant came along, drifting on the surface of the back water. Tom saved it. His hopes and fears again arose. Carrying it to the shore and examining the baby closely he found that it was colored.

Then he went home to take much-needed rest.

Mrs. McConnell proved herself a heroine. She could not do man's duty, but she could and did do woman's work. From her household stores she gave, and gave plentifully, and when all was gone she hurried among the sufferers and catered to their wants, and soothed their fears, though she knew in her heart many of the latter were well founded.

(Continued on Page 8.)



THE LAUNDRY IN THE FLOOD.

Souls filled with woe; men, women and children with tears trickling down their pallid cheeks, gave up thanks that it was no worse. The sceptical looked on and wondered what under the dome of Heaven there was to be thankful for, or how it could be worse—for them.

God alone knew.

Skilled engineers came to the front on Monday and set all doubts at rest on the all-important subject. This is what they reported:

"The South Fork, or Conemaugh dam, nine miles

dirt, dumped it in just as you might build a railroad embankment, instead of using stone. As a consequence, the dam settled in the centre and sank so low that the waste weir could only carry off about three or four feet of water instead of seven. Had the dam been built so that the centre would have remained firm, sufficient water would have been carried off by the

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



CLEVER DAN COLLYER,
A FAVORITE COMEDIAN WHOM ALL HIS FRIENDS CALL "A FAIR AND SQUARE MAN."



LUSCIOUS LETTY LIND,
ONE OF THE MAINSTAYS OF THE LONDON GAIETY COMPANY OF BEAUTIES.



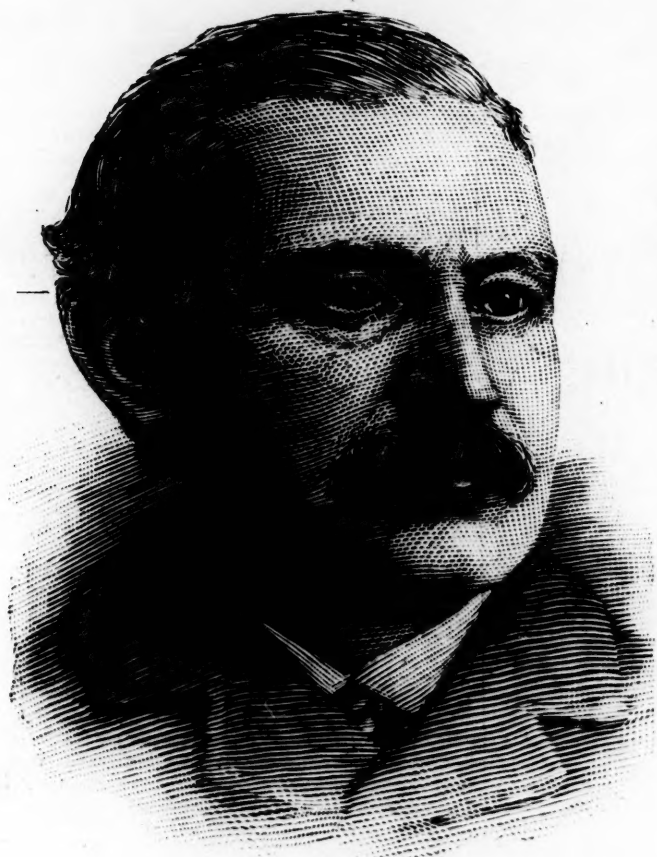
BRAVE "TOM" McCONNELL,
THE STONY CREEK ENGINEER, WHO RISKED HIS LIFE TO SAVE
OTHERS IN THE BIG FLOOD OF THE CONEMAUGH.



WINSOME "BABY" TREFF.
A LITTLE WOODVALE CHILD THAT MIGHT HAVE ESCAPED
DEATH WHEN THE CRUEL CONEMAUGH FLOOD CAME.



HEROINE MARGARET McCONNELL,
THE PLUCKY KINDLY WIFE OF ENGINEER "TOM" McCONNELL,
WHO DID SO MUCH TO RELIEVE THE SUFFERERS.



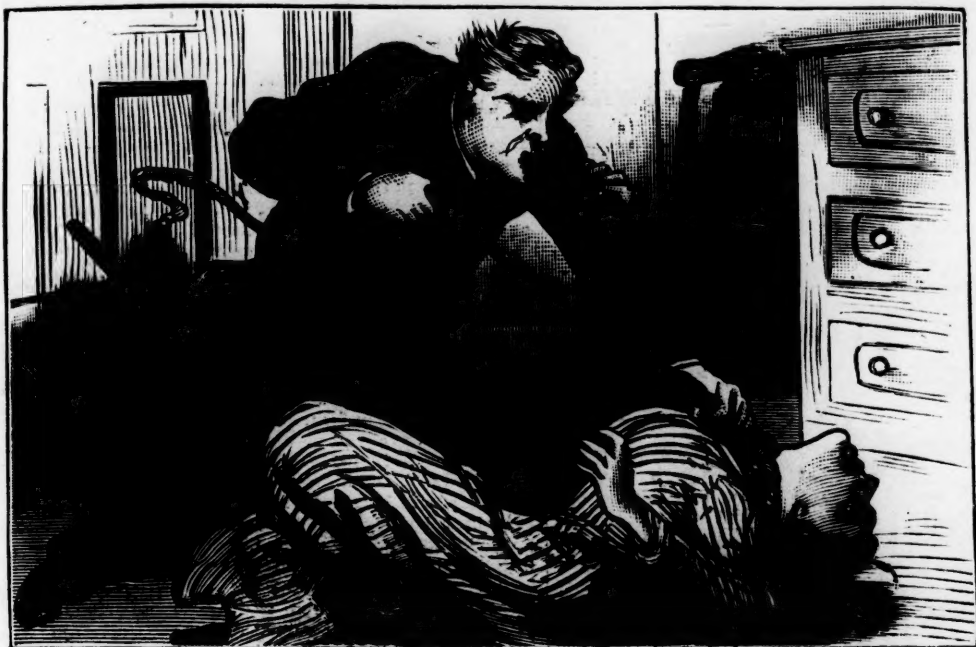
A CONEMAUGH VALLEY HERO.
BENSON TIGHE, OF CARBON COUNTY, PA., WHO GAINED FAME
DURING THE RECENT AWFUL TIMES.



A MIRACLE OF THE FLOOD.
MISS KATE BLAKE, OF THE HURLBUT HOUSE, JOHNSTOWN,
WHO WAS SAVED, HALF DEAD, IN A TREE.

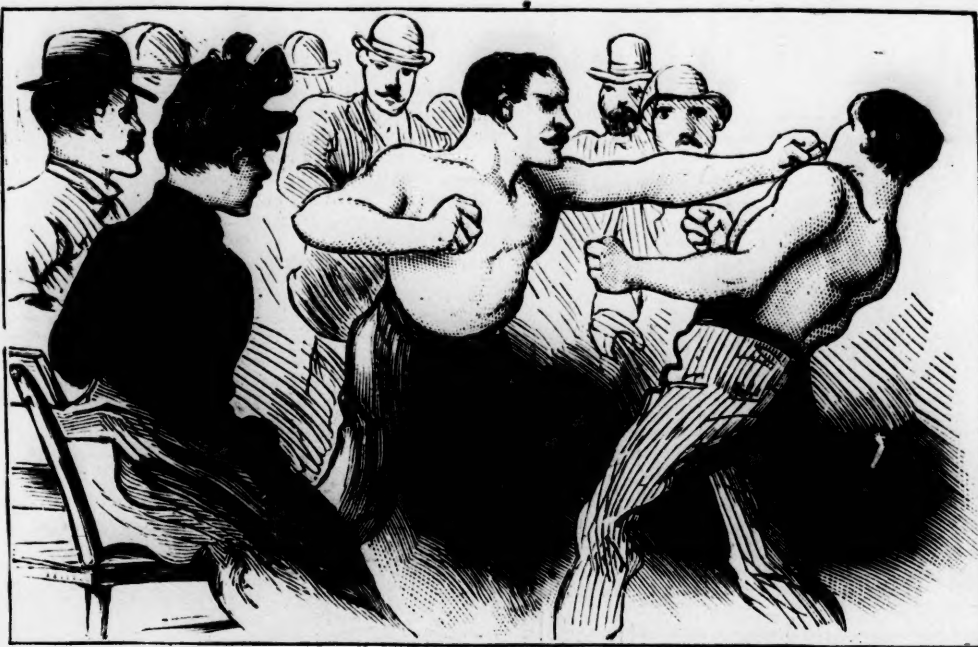


JOHNSTOWN'S PAUL REVERE.
JOHN G. PARKE, THE YOUNG ENGINEER, WHO DISTINGUISHED
HIMSELF BY WARNING THE PEOPLE TO FLEE.



STRANGLER HIS WIFE.

KARL HAHNMANN OF GIRARD, KANSAS, KILLS HIS WIFE AND THEN HIMSELF IN A FIT OF DESPERATION.



FOUGHT TWELVE ROUNDS FOR A GIRL.

CLAYTON ANDREWS AND EDWARD HICKOX, OF WATERBURY, CONN., FIGHT TO A FINISH FOR THE LOVE OF A BEAUTY.



TRAMPLED TO DEATH BY A HORSE.

MRS. ELLISON, OF BROOKLYN, SAVES HER SON, BUT IS KILLED HERSELF AT THE NEW YORK BRIDGE ENTRANCE.



A LONE WIDOW AND HER PISTOL.

SHE, WITH THE AID OF HER GUN, SENDS THE CORNING, DES MOINES, GUN CLUB FLYING AT THEIR LAST MEET.

LIGHT DAWNS

The Fears of the Almost
Panic-Stricken Sufferers
Quieted.

GEN. HASTINGS IN CHARGE.

Johnstown Placed Under Military
Espionage and all
Going Well.

HITCH BETWEEN AUTHORITIES.

Charitable Cities Say: "Our
Money for the Sufferers;
not for the State!"

MORE MONEY NEEDED.

It Will Be Placed Where It Will Do
the Most Good.

A PÆAN OF PRAISE.

The Throngs From the Hillside Pre-
paring for a New Life.

NOW TO REVIVIFY THE VALLEY!

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATIONS.]

JOHNSTOWN, June 13.—I had an interview with one of Gov. Beaver's aides to-day. This appears to be the governor's idea:

"The people here are not in need of money. Not but that they are poverty-stricken and homeless, but because if each individual of them were as rich as a Vanderbilt or an Astor they couldn't spend a penny of it, for the simple reason that there is no place where they can spend it. The stores are all gone, and what there is of food or clothing can be had by the needy for the asking.

"What is needed most and above all is more food and clothing. More of these, and all the time more. Keep on sending it, and send plentifully. Nine-tenths of the people are ragged and bare, and they must be covered.

"Money will be needed afterward, and then the American public will, no doubt, see that all in that line is supplied.

"The cities and towns must be rebuilt, and homes must be provided for those who are now dwelling on the hillside in tents or in rudely constructed hovels. That will come in time. Send more clothing now, for rebuilding is out of the question until the bodies have all been recovered and until the debris has been cleared away."

The fact of the case is that money is needed all the time, and the more of it the better. It can all be readily used. It is an all-important factor in everything that appertains to life, and a new life would soon spring up with plenty of it here.

Already there is a sign of that new life. It is announced that within a few days the Wood, Morrell & Co. general store will reopen, and other dealers in staples are making arrangements to start as soon as they can obtain buildings. Pittsburgh wholesalers are encouraging this by offering to let old bills stand and to give plenty of credit for new stock. When the stores are open again there will be much less demand upon the relief stores, for many people are living upon charity now simply because there is no place where they can buy provisions for themselves.

Then, too, there will soon be an opening for iron workers and steel mill men in the new Johnstown, as fifteen hundred of the old employees of the Cambria Company are missing, and new men must take their places.

There are plenty of homeless, moneyless men here to do this, and most of them have, for the past ten days, been doing duty as special officers.

If any one could look at a stalwart Broadway policeman and then glance at one of the "special police" on duty here the comparison might be detrimental to the members of the "very finest." The specials are of the saved from the wreck, and have been sworn in as peace officers, and they do their duty with spirit, heart and vim inborn of a terrible realization of the true facts of the terrible situation. Nearly all of them have been left homeless by the devastating flood, and a majority of them have lost more than home—loved ones. Their fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, little ones or sweethearts have "gone down," as they put it, and woe

be to the miscreant who is caught defiling or vandalizing the remains. Short shrift is made of him.

These special officers can be found officiating as sentinels all along the valley, and they are an uncouth but brawny, able-bodied and determined-looking body of men. They are attired in every imaginable costume, such as has been grabbed from the wreck, and they do their vigils armed with guns, pistols, baseball bats, oak staves, pieces of iron or lead pipe, or anything else of a convincing nature that comes easy to hand.

"Keep off forbidden ground!" "Danger here!" can be seen in every glance. They are dangerous men to med-

the right place, and he can be found here, there and everywhere, ministering to the wants of the downhearted and consoling those who need kind words. His is a conspicuous figure all through the valley and with his unique costume and death-like face he looks more like a spook as he flits here and there attending to his self-imposed duties. Father Field is fully six feet in height, and he is smooth shaven and sunken-cheeked. His long robe hangs down to his feet and is fastened about the waist by a rope to which is attached a large ebony cross. His head is surmounted by a sombrero, the band of which is a knotted rope. Many



MAIN STREET, LOOKING EAST

dle with, and they are left religiously alone by those of evil intent.

Down at Cambria City, on Monday, this last assertion was verified. There was a camp of two hundred Italians there, and when the floods came the Italians were thrown out of work. It was a picnic for them and they determined to take advantage of it. When the relief stores were started these men came in regularly for their rations. They were given freely at first, but it soon became monotonous. They were depleting stores that were needed for more worthy subjects of charity, and the Italians were kindly informed that they were as welcome as were the others if they would assist the others in removing the debris and rescuing the bodies. This they doggedly refused to do. Then there was an uprising on the part of the special police.

"No work, no aid!" said the determined men.

There was a kick on the part of the patrol, and they threatened to kill every man in the gang unless they went to work. The Italians, probably realizing the triteness of the adage, "Discretion is the better part of valor," went to work. A detachment of the Fourteenth Regiment was sent for, and the Italians are now laboring under guard.

While waiting to see what would turn up I obtained a story which rather resembles a miracle than an occurrence born of nature.

Kate Blake was a domestic in the Hurlbut House. When the rush of waters came she was swept away with the rest. Several hours later she was rescued, more dead than alive, hanging in the branches of a sturdy valley tree.

Other incidents of a like almost miraculous nature could be recounted, but the daily newspapers have treated of them.

Among the heroes whose names might be mentioned in connection with the calamity is Benson Tighe, of Carbon county, Pa. That's all the address he would give to the newspaper reporters, saying modestly that he was not looking for notoriety. Mr. Tighe was one of the passengers on the train that arrived just as the rushing of the waters came, and he began his career of bravery by aiding and assisting many helpless women and children to the hillside. Since then he

have received comfort from the good Father, and the angels, no doubt, are gladdened at his self-sacrificing acts.

The swirl of the awful rapids did queer work. Among the instances of this nature to be mentioned are these:

Just near the Cambria Iron Works a house, with its foundation, was entirely moved and set down safe and sound one hundred feet below its former site. Other houses were turned upside down and deposited upside down with care, gable-deep in the mud. This thing occurred in innumerable instances. What is more singular, perhaps, is the way in which the torrent played with the trees. Sturdy oaks were uprooted and completely overturned and now their roots are pointing zenithward, while their quondam top branches are ingratiating themselves into the affections of Mother Earth.

Startling and almost incomprehensible scenes like this are found on all sides. They sound like fiction, but there is not sufficient space in a dozen issues of the POLICE GAZETTE to record instances of a like nature.

The reason why I am unable to give the exact total number of dead at the present writing will be obvious when I have stated that hundreds upon hundreds have found unknown graves. What I mean by this is that, before the morgue was established, for the purpose of avoiding the much-dreaded pestilence, unless the bodies were identified on the spot, they were hastily buried in hurriedly constructed trenches and then covered over. This was absolutely necessary or the death roll of those now living would have, perforce, mounted up to ten thousand—perhaps more. Thus it is that it is impossible to record the exact extent of the horror.

On the other hand, many are mourned as dead who are yet alive. The registry scheme, originated for the purpose of recording the names of those saved, has been of untold benefit, but as many have been either too busy or have not taken the trouble to register, there are those alive who are mourned as dead, and perhaps many dead who were not known to have been in this locality at the time of the flood.

In this connection I can mention the following. The



DISTRIBUTING RELIEF.

has been here, there and everywhere, helping the distressed and afflicted, and he has many saved lives to his credit when he is called upon to account for his mission on earth. He was a well-dressed man when he came here, but now he is almost in rags.

Another hero is Father Field, a queer but faithful servant of the High Church of England. Father Field is an uncouth-looking individual, but his heart is in

story comes from Pittsburgh and is known to be true:

Michael Sullivan, one of the Johnstown people whose body it was announced was recovered, identified and buried, had many friends and relatives at the Point in Pittsburgh. When they read of his death they held a consultation to devise means to honor Mr. Sullivan's memory. It was decided that in default of a funeral, a wake at least should be held for him. As Friday was the day on which "Mike," as he was familiarly known, met his untimely fate, it was resolved that the wake should be held on that day of the week, and accord-

ingly the committee of arrangements prepared everything.

In the evening the friends of the deceased gathered and discussed the many virtues of their departed friend. A "dummy" corpse had been prepared, and it was placed on a board and covered with a sheet. Several kindly old Irish women gathered around this, keeping the Irish death song, which is one of the most weird and mournful things imaginable. This was kept up for a couple of hours. When the mourners were about to disperse, after having paid what they considered a fitting tribute to the memory of the unfortunate Mike, a knock was heard at the door. It was opened by one of the women, who immediately gave a scream of terror and fled to another room. Before the assembled people could recover from their surprise, they, too, received a shock. The cause of it all was a poorly-clad man, who bounded into the room exclaiming: "I'm not dead."

It was Mike himself. He had come to the city on a late train, and, hearing that his wake was in progress, he concluded to attend it. While he rejoices over his escape from death, he mourns the loss of \$300 which he had saved out of his earnings to pay off a mortgage on his mother's home. He had the money in a trunk at his boarding-house and it was swept away.

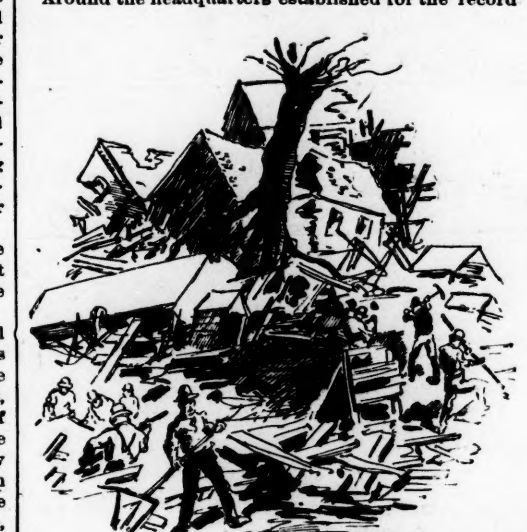
Who knows how many more instances of a like nature will be recorded when the final accounting is made?

There are hundreds here who are endeavoring to identify their dead, but cannot do so, and therefore lay the pleasing unction to their souls that their relatives or friends will turn up safe and sound elsewhere.

Fallacious hope!

When the big bridge took fire many people were burned to a char down to their middles, and the remaining portions of their bodies, those under water, were swept away by the torrent, and will never be found, except in the way of bleached bones by the valley side, and it will be impossible to distinguish the difference between them and the bones of animals of brute creation that met the same fate.

Around the headquarters established for the record



A FREAK OF THE FLOOD.

of "missing" many heartrending scenes are witnessed. The scenes beggar description, and I cannot tell them as they occur. Tottering old men and women, frantic mothers, husbands and wives, and orphaned children come to the deck and, half, yes more than half crazed, report their missing ones and then give way to others, who tell the old, old story and then pass on, to again give room to more of the grief-stricken souls.

Thus it goes on from morning until night.

No rest for the weary.

No peace or consolation for the suffering.

Yesterday the heavens were opened again, and a plentiful supply of rain partially swelled the creeks, but it was of short duration. About fifty bodies were recovered, and the work goes on. Early in the day the workmen on the big raft edged up toward the wreckage at the bridge, and a number of bodies were taken out. In one mass in Stony Creek nine bodies were found, and it is known that there are many more along the valley, but how many none can tell.

Shortly after noon the volunteers, who have done so nobly and who had been so self-sacrificing, stopped work, and Adj. Gen. Hastings, with his military forces, took charge of the work on behalf of the State of Pennsylvania. Somewhat dilatory, perhaps, but still it is never too late to mend. The volunteers, from those near by who risked their lives in rescuing the living from the heap of burning buildings above the railroad bridge to those from more distant places who arrived only in time to dig the dead from the miserable graves with which the calamity had furnished them, have worked tirelessly and even nobly. The thousands of workmen from western Pennsylvania and from Ohio and other adjacent States who left their homes to work in the ruins at Johnstown, have given to the cause of humanity mites as creditable to them as the thousands of dollars and train loads of supplies that others differently situated have contributed for the aid of the survivors. To-day their work ended, and they are going home as rapidly as the trains will take them. Scores of others, clerks and business men, who have taken charge of the distribution of food and clothing for the flood sufferers, also ended their duties to-day, but many of them are staying to assist the Adjutant-General's staff in organizing the commissary department that will hereafter look after the hungry among the sufferers.

This work is greater than is generally supposed. The official estimate is that for the present 22,000 persons must be provided with food, medicine, medical attendance and other necessities. The food alone would cost \$3,500 a day if it had to be purchased. The number of destitute persons will decrease as fast as the mills get to work and the stores are started at which provisions can be purchased, but it will be several weeks yet before the great body of the survivors can become self-supporting.

Meantime the work of clearing up the town has come practically to a standstill upon the transfer of the job from the Relief Committee to the State. Most of the hired men have gone home along with the volunteers, and the State authorities say that they expect to start in with only 200 or 300 men, and gradually to increase the number until they get a full force.

A little scare was caused by the announcement that a number of cases of malignant diphtheria had been

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found, and when it was further announced that the people had been drinking water that drained a graveyard up on the hill, something of a panic was started, and everybody felt, or thought he felt, ill. Precau-



BURNING DEBRIS.

tions have been taken to secure water from another source, and danger of an epidemic will possibly be averted. Nearly everybody who has been here any length of time, however, has the malaria, and the mountains fairly shudder with the shivering of the multitudes.

Dynamite was used in the river below the bridge to-day, but Gen. Hastings expects to get along without it hereafter. Good progress was made in cleaning out the channel of the Conemaugh above the bridge. A number of stationary engines and long cables were effectively used to pull out the heavy timbers. The mortgages are about to be abolished on account of the bad condition of the bodies recovered. Identification is almost impossible unless by personal effects found upon the bodies. The State Board of Health still issues encouraging bulletins, although isolated cases of pneumonia, diphtheria and measles are reported, generally from the suburbs.

Everywhere in Johnstown to-day owners of property were hard at work cleaning out their cellars, drying carpets and bedding and renovating generally. The women worked bravely, and, with the aid of brush and water, were soon able to see their floors for the first time in twelve days. The mud is caked all over the walls, and furniture and carpets generally are ruined.

During a greater part of to-day an air of business surrounded the Cambria Iron Company's works, and every clerk and department manager was at work. The books, maps, deeds, land patents and other valuable papers, which were thoroughly soaked in the flood, were spread out on tables and lines, and fires were built in the grates to aid in drying them. It will take about three weeks to finish this work, and then business in the offices will go on as formerly.

Adj. Gen. Hastings was the busiest man in Johnstown all day. And after he had looked over the field a bit he sent out a request that the mayors of all cities along the rivers between Pittsburgh and New Orleans send descriptions of any bodies that they may find in the river to him at this place. Then he established permanent headquarters in the Pennsylvania Railroad freight warehouse, and the following arrangements were entered into:

The Department of Public Safety will be in charge of General J. A. Wiley; Colonel S. W. Hill will be Quartermaster; Colonel J. Granville Leach and Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. Sprangler, Commissary, and Major W. H. Horn in charge of the Receiving Department. Eleven



THE POLICE GAZETTE STAFF CONSULTING.

distributing stations are to be established and commanded as follows:

THE VARIOUS STATIONS.
Morrellville—Major H. P. Moyer.
Prospect Hill—Lieutenant T. W. Richardson.
Woodvale—Lieutenant Ed. B. Selden.
East Conemaugh—Lieutenant J. F. Coon.
Franklin—Lieutenant E. G. Mercer.
South Fork—Lieutenant H. Cox.
Johnstown—Lieutenant J. M. Baker and George E. Burnet.
Kernville—Major A. Carlin.
Conemaugh—Lieutenant S. H. Williams.
Cambria—Lieutenant O. L. Richals.

Colonel John I. Rogers will be in charge of the Bureau of Information, Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Gray of the Accounting Department. The Bureau of Information will endeavor to record a list of all bodies discovered, with names, as an accurate description or some such information will be necessary to establish title to property and rights of inheritance. The Accounting Department will have charge of all accounts with laborers, contractors and Commissary departments, and will make an effort to conduct the affairs of the Government on purely business principles.

Under this new system of affairs everything will, no doubt, go on swimmingly.

Let us hope so, for there is much to be done. Gen. Hastings, in an interview this afternoon, said: "The work of cleaning up the city will be done by contract, and negotiations will be opened at once with leading contractors. Several may be employed, but I cannot say now who will get the work. This matter will not be definitely settled until the Governor appoints the Commission. I have recommended to him the appointment of ex-Gov. Robert E. Pattison, James B. Scott, of Pittsburgh; Col. Jennings, of Harrisburg, and Thomas Cochran, of Philadelphia. Until the Commission is appointed Mr. Scott has volunteered his services, and will render me all the assistance in his power."

Col. J. M. Schoonmaker, the Pittsburgh coke operator, who is here on the Relief Committee, will probably continue his work under the direction of the State authorities.

This afternoon the body of Miss C. A. Christman, the foreign missionary from New Orleans, who was on the day express when the flood swept it from the track, was found. On her person was a draft for \$275, a gold watch and a small amount of money. Her body was embalmed and placed in a coffin. It will be kept until her friends direct what disposition shall be made of it.

In one instance the delvers found in the swamp a mother clasping in her arms her babe. Both were long since dead.

A meeting was held in Alma Hall by the citizens of Johnstown to-day, at which the leading business men who survived the flood were present. Col. J. P. Linton presided. Remarks were made by several of those present touching the great work before them, and the

Some of the relief committees sent here by different cities are kicking. They came here with their grips full of money and with full power to aid the sufferers, but when they were asked to deliver the money over into the hands of the Pennsylvania authorities to be used for the purpose of rebuilding the town or to pay the laborers for removing the debris, they demurred. They said that the State of Pennsylvania was wealthy enough to clear up its own debris and lay out its new towns and villages, and that the money had been subscribed for the sufferers and not for the State. If the sufferers wanted the money to start life anew it would be paid over to them personally. The Chicago Board of Trade Relief Committee refused emphatically to deliver over their money to the authorities, and started back for Chicago with their bundle intact.



A SPECIAL POLICEMAN.

Mr. Charles L. Raymond, chairman of this committee, said, just before he left with his brethren: "We retained the money because it was raised to relieve distress, and for that purpose only, and if it had been turned over on our arrival here, part, if not all of it, would have gone for clearing away the debris that has

beast, but the boy was found to be uninjured. Mrs. Ellison was to have met her husband in front of the Bridge, and the terror-stricken man saw the tragedy without being able to aid his wife.

P. J. SHARKEY OF NEW YORK CITY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Nearly every sporting man in this country knows Patrick J. Sharkey, the sporting man and boniface of the American House, corner of Thirteenth street and Fourth avenue, this city. Sharkey was born in the County of Tipperary, Ireland, on March 14, 1845, and his father was the first civil engineer and one of the consulting engineers of the first railroad ever laid in Ireland. He came to this country in 1860, and was employed in Judge John O. Robinson's office, in No. 33 Wall street, for three years. He served his time at the bookbinding trade. In 1868 he went into the liquor business, which he has followed ever since. He opened the American House on June 15, 1874, and since that time his well-known resort has been the rendezvous of sporting men from all over the country. Sharkey is very popular and has a legion of friends.

WINSOME "BABY" TREFF.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The POLICE GAZETTE publishes elsewhere the portrait and story connected with the cruel death of "Baby" Treff, one of the youngest victims of the Johnstown calamity. The story will, no doubt, be read with interest by our readers.

A MIRACLE OF THE FLOOD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the miracles of the Flood was that connected with the rescue of Miss Kate Blake, a domestic of the Hurlbut House, Johnstown, prior to the breaking of the dam. A full account of the truly wonderful escape is told by the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent on another page.

JOHNSTOWN'S PAUL REVERE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We present elsewhere the portrait of John G. Parke, a young engineer of the Cambria Iron Works, who distinguished himself during the Johnstown disaster. The gallant young engineer, seeing that the South Fork dam must give way, sprang into the saddle and dashed at break-neck speed down the valley, shouting: "The dam is breaking! Run for your lives!" Hundreds of people were saved by this warning, and many more would probably have escaped death had his shouts been heeded. Parke reached the South Fork station and telegraphed the tidings to Johnstown, ten miles below, fully an hour before the fearful thirty-foot fall of water broke over the doomed town. The water was already at his horse's heels when he climbed up the mountain side and saw the torrent rush past. "The rise in the waters," he said, "was simply phenomenal." Mr. Parke is a Philadelphian by birth, and was graduated as a civil engineer from the University of Pennsylvania three years ago. He is a nephew, and namesake of General John G. Parke, who commanded the Ninth Army Corps during the war of the Rebellion. General Parke is now the commandant at the Military Academy at West Point, on the Hudson, New York.

SWEEP OVER HORSESHOE FALLS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Jack Walker and Frank Davy started from the American side of the Niagara Falls in a rowboat, recently, to cross to Chippewa, on the Canadian shore. When half way across they turned the bow of the boat down stream, intending to land on Goat Island, a feat which has been performed several times before by Walker, but this time the current caught the boat and threw one of the men into the water. It then went along with the current and was swept over the Horseshoe Falls, carrying the other man with it. Walker braced himself under the seat as the boat went over the falls. Neither body has been recovered.

A WASHINGTON MAN IN LUCK.

"There is no incident in all my life," said Mr. R. C. Palmer, of 721 Eighth street, N. W., "that looks so much like providential assistance as the one which will send me to Dayton, Ohio, on the first train that goes out to-day."

Further particulars were asked for by a *Star* reporter and given as follows by Mr. Palmer: "I had arranged," said he, "to start in the furniture business in company with a friend of mine. We selected Dayton as the place in which to establish ourselves. I was endeavoring to raise the necessary money—about \$2,000, and supposed I would, but I was disappointed. My friend then went by himself, prepared to wrestle with the business alone, but before he commenced I let him know I was coming with \$2,500. How did I get the money? I've been in the habit of investing a dollar a month in the Louisiana State Lottery, and the drawing of the 14th ult. brought me just exactly the sum I needed. I certainly call it providential. If this assistance had not come to me I might have remained a working mechanic all my life. Now I will have a chance to be somebody."

"Is this the first time you won anything in the lottery?"

"No; some time ago I captured \$25. That more than paid for the tickets I have bought. The Louisiana State Lottery is a great institution."—*Washington (D.C.) Star*, June 4.

JOHNSTOWN AFTER THE FLOOD.

necessity of united and individual action to rebuild the town and the cultivation of fortitude to bear up under the burdens and grief so suddenly thrust upon them. A series of resolutions were proposed and adopted, thanking James B. Scott for his untiring efforts to bring order out of chaos, and the people of Pittsburgh in particular and the citizens of the United States generally for their prompt and generous assistance.

They pledge united support to the State officials in every way in their power in the work now undertaken, to the end that the work may be expedited. There were some sharp criticisms of Gov. Beaver, for tardiness of action relative to the great disaster which has rendered thousands of people homeless, and his seeming attempt to belittle the matter in favor of Williamsport and other Susquehanna Valley towns which have been inundated. These expressions were received with manifestations of disapproval, and the subject was dropped.

Only ten bodies were recovered to-day, the smallest record for any one day. This is accounted for by the fact that but few men were working. It took all day to pay the men who have so far been at work. When it was found that few men intended to remain to work for the State at \$1.50 a day and board themselves, a hasty consultation was held, and it was announced that they would be paid \$1.50 and rations, as before. The notice was too late, however, and but few, comparatively, remained.

The Bureau of Registration reported to-day that 15,678 survivors have registered. Many registered twice and some a half dozen times, which caused the list to run up to 21,000. For the past twenty-four hours there have been very few names registered, hardly more than a score, showing that the work is approaching completion. The number of bodies recovered is 1,192, of which 628 have been identified.

The balance, as has been said, have not as yet been rescued and are in the debris here, are bleaching on the banks along the river far below here or have been borne down by the current into larger and more swiftly flowing rivers.

Many have been burned beyond recognition, as has been said.

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accumulated in the river bed and at the bridge at Johnstown. That work properly falls to the State authorities, and we told the Pittsburgh committee that so soon as the State authorities assume all the expense of the clearing up and our money can go directly to the sufferers for whom it is intended, we will forward it to them. We expect soon to hear that the Governor of Pennsylvania has assumed charge of the expense of clearing the wreckage up, and we will then send our money on."

It is true that the big State of Pennsylvania, in which the disaster occurred, has been a little bit parsimonious in this matter. She has permitted the other States to contribute largely, but has not officially opened her purse-strings. All of her cities, towns and villages have come to the front nobly, but the State's vaults have remained obstinately closed.

With the valley placed in a proper condition for the rebuilding of houses, which is obviously the State's duty, the homes will no doubt be looked out for by the charitable, outside public.

QUEVEDO.

HEROINE MARGARET MCCONNELL.

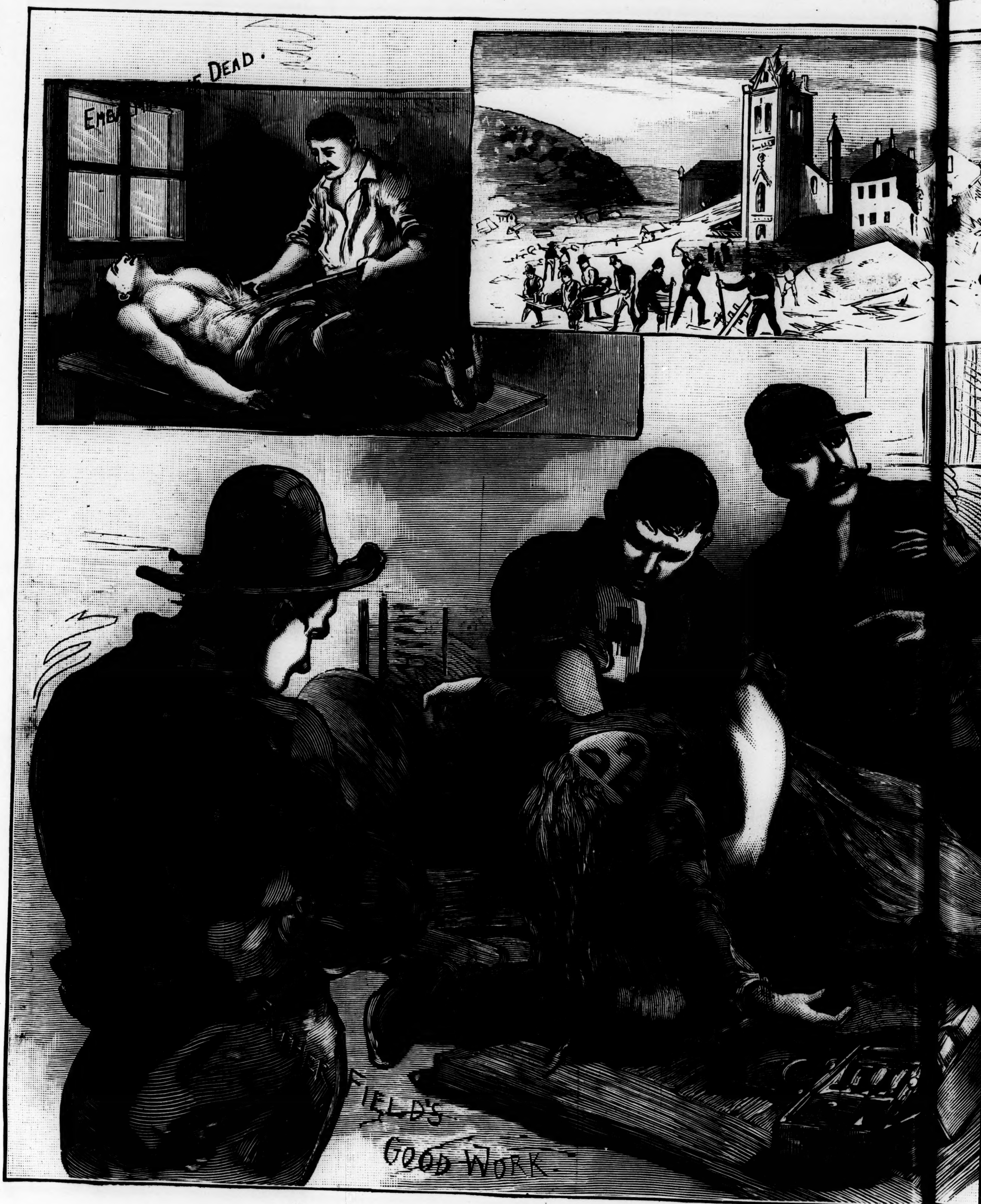
[WITH PORTRAIT.]

If any woman in private life deserves to have her name heralded to the world as a heroine that woman is Mrs. Margaret McConnell, the kindly wife of Engineer Tom McConnell, who saved so many lives during the recent Conemaugh disaster. The story of her acts is given on another page by the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent, and an excellent portrait of the estimable woman will be found on page 4.

TRAMPLED TO DEATH BY A HORSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A runaway horse came dashing madly over the Brooklyn Bridge recently, and just before it reached the New York entrance Mrs. Mary Ellison and her four-year-old son Willie crossed the walk. Mrs. Ellison, seeing the animal coming, rushed to the sidewalk and called to Willie to follow, but the little fellow stood in the middle of the street, and Mrs. Ellison, knowing her son would be killed, rushed out to save him just as the maddened horse came to the entrance. The next instant Mrs. Ellison was thrown down and mangled and trampled to death by the frightened



AFTER THE FEFUL
SAD AND PAINFUL REMINISCENCES OF THE DIRE DISASTER--THO WOF



FAFUL FLOOD! .
HO WORTHY OF PRAISE AND THOSE DESERVING OF THE KNOUT.

LEATHER-SWATTERS.

Prize Waterburies to Aid Players
in Running.

NO FLY-PAPER FOR CHRIS.

Why is a ball player like an old maid? Because he stands in mortal terror of being placed upon the list of "back numbers." The Chicagoans are on the hunt for players ever since Anson made the discovery that he did not have the greatest team on the earth.

This thing of giving large guarantees to big drawing cards is not always as remunerating as it is cracked up to be. Manager Powers gave the St. Louis club what turned out to be more than the entire gate receipts and one hundred dollars to boot for the privilege of having the champions play on his ground. There was every appearance of a heavy storm, and it rained just hard enough to keep the people away, but not sufficiently to prevent the game from being played. There were only about five hundred people present, and while they were enjoying the contest poor Powers was breaking his heart over his hard luck.

Mike Kelly is playing ball this season as he never in his life played before. He is not playing because the management are compelling him to do so, but in order to keep up his end and prevent his being left in the shade. Mike, last year, was a brilliant star, and it was not even necessary for him to shine, for he was looked upon in Boston as a sort of "king of kings." He was a base runner, a batter, a catcher, a thrower and a fielder. In fact the common expression was: "Wait till you see Kelly; the only Kelly." But now Mike is in fast company. Tom Brown has taken the shine from off him in base running; Bennett and Ganzel are catching and throwing all around him, and Brouters and Richardson are batting him clean out of sight.

Of all miserable excuses for an umpire, Barnum takes the lead. If the National League had dragged the slightest sewers in search of an applicant for the position they could not have done worse.

The Washington quartette, Myers, Ebright, O'Day and Wise, are out with a card denying the fact of having had a large time and being fined twenty-five dollars each.

The New Yorks have been in a crippled condition all spring. Nevertheless they have held their end up most ably. It is thought that when they get their pitchers in shape they will come near making the fur fly.

Hecker is going to buy twenty-five dollars' worth of hide from Wolf, at the close of the season. Therefore, to make sure that Wolf would not back out, he has already paid the money, and will take his chances on the safe delivery of the goods.

The Kansas City management are being well repaid for their twenty-thousand-dollar outlay for purchasing players, by the brilliant style in which their boys are manipulating the sphere. Kingsley and several others of the old Syracuse nine of 1887 are still fighting the directors, in the courts, for their back pay of that season.

There is a strong clique in the Rochester club which about rules the room. They made it extremely unpleasant for Bob Barr, and they are not through yet.

They evidently have a gay crowd down in Texas, when the president of the Texas league has to warn the umpires, managers and players against visiting pool rooms, under penalty of a heavy fine.

The Washington kid showed Timothy that he was not the only Keefe who could twist a ball.

Toledo has a handy Toole that can be put to almost any use; even when Simon split his hand the Toole was brought into play.

It is thought that Rowe and White will come to terms with the Pittsburgh club, after all. They have been putting and suiking long enough and find they are only standing in their own light by holding out. Beside they are both bordering upon being "back numbers."

The Brooklyn are making a big bid for the pennant this year. So far, however, the St. Louis and Athletic clubs seem to be going them a little better.

If Cleveland is the League baby, it must have weighed over one hundred pounds when it was born. It is about the healthiest baby that has ever been dropped into the arena. It is fully as strong as either its Pa or its Ma.

It is strange that in some of the minor Leagues the players are encouraged in dirty ball playing by the spectators, and it goes hard with the umpire, who attempts to call them down.

Some managers seem to be utterly loony on the subject of buying high priced players and paying them big salaries. When the chances are ten to one that they can go out upon the lot and gather up better ball players for the mere feeding of them.

Shenkel was in a great hurry when he left Milwaukee. The fact is, he actually neglected to bid good-by to some of his dearest friends. Furthermore, he forgot to leave word whence he was going. His thoughtlessness has actually led to many anxious inquiries.

Big Bill Phillips has at last gotten himself into pretty good shape, but the trouble is that he went into training about ten years too late.

Umpire Hoover does not need a mask, as he is learning to stop the ball with his face. This, he thinks, will keep his flesh in good condition, so that if the crowd ever got after him for hunking what they consider "bad breaks," he will be able to run the gauntlet without getting hurt very badly.

Perry Warden has had an operation performed on his mouth. It is now large enough to stow away in it the bases, as well as the bats and balls.

It is claimed that the Democratic members of the Chicago club lost \$3,500 on the recent Presidential election. This certainly surprises us greatly, as we did not think there was sand enough in the whole club to put up three dollars and a half on any doubtful question.

It is said that the Pittsburghs have tried eight pitchers thus far this season. We do not wish to be considered impertinent, but we do not think they could improve their rocky position if they were to try eighty pitchers.

It is too bad that Manager Davidson is being severely criticised by the Louisville press. Would it not be more charitable for them to go down into their clothes and fish out a little wealth to help him run his club, instead of heaping uncalculated abuse upon his head, when he was compelled to transfer a few of his games to make ends meet?

There must be a drug on the market of watches, as quite a number of elegant Waterburys have been presented to ball players this spring.

The Pittsburgh people gave a watch, worth over one dollar and a half, to Miller. Manager Barnes presented Pickett with a timepiece when he left for Kansas City. The Toledo people gave Sales, of the Hamiltons, a ticker, and other presentations of watches, too numerous to mention, have occurred.

They say that the secret of the success of young Keefe is his failure to look upon the wine when it is red, and on the beer when it froths.

Doescher did not make a very enviable impression upon the International Association people. He went up there with all the storm and bluster becoming the dignity of an ex-National League umpire. The style, however, did not take. The people were not used to it, and the mob landed on poor "Doescher, the baker," so heavily that they crushed him to the earth.

So it is Charley horse that Tom Burns has, eh? We know he had something, from his limping, but we did not know what it was.

The Louisville people act like the dog in the manger; they will not support their club themselves and it makes them jealous to see any other city support it. They were not drawing flies in Louisville, and were receiving the most scathing comments from the press. But the moment Manager Davidson transferred his games to Cincinnati there was a "howl" from Macedonia.

There are no flies on Chris Von der Ahe. When he gets stuck with a worthless player on his hands he never hears him belly-aching around about the misfortune, but he quietly goes to work and sells him for a good round sum to some other baseball club. Milwaukee paid Von der Ahe \$1,000 for Foreman, only to discover that he was not worth his salt, and after a thorough trial they were compelled to release him, with no other satisfaction than the fact that they had paid dearly to find out that "there are tricks in every trade but ours."

Radbourne made himself very popular in New York by saying that if Ewing would do any kicking in Boston the gang would mob him before he left the ground. He forgets that the Boston club contains a few men who can discount Ewing at kicking, and still they are treated like gentlemen when in New York. The fact is that Ewing never kicks unless there is just cause for his doing so, which is a thing that can be said about very few of the noted baseball kickers in the arena.

The Columbus people are very much pleased with Hughes, of the Brooklyn club, and the Journal has spoken of him in the following flattering terms, viz.: "Sir Reginald Mique Hughes, the young man with the Waterbury movement and a smile that would stop an eight-day clock." Hughes is very much elated over the flattery, and he has tried to secure his release from Mr. Byrne so that he could go to Columbus, where his pitching is appreciated. Those Western fellows have a pleasant way of bending a player over their knee and breaking his back, just to see how he looks when out of shape.

This has been a tough spring, financially, on many of the clubs, as the cold and rainy weather has seriously interfered with the attendance upon games.

It is too bad that Jim Mutrie has failed to keep his promise that the Giants should go West in the lead. It is the first time we have ever known Jim to break his word, and we do not think it would now have occurred, had the other clubs acted honorably, instead of putting a job on him and beating his Giants.

The Louisville team put up a pretty good game of ball; but the trouble is they invariably get the short end.

One of the conundrums in baseball is the Louisville club. It is built like a mud-scow. The boys put up a magnificent game of ball until the other fellows get ahead of them, and then, like the scow, the bottom drops out of the club, and they dump the game.

When they take a fancy to a man in Texas they want to caress him, and they do not lose any time about it, either.

The crowd at Houston took a shine to Umpire McLaughlin, and the way they waited around him would put an Indian war-dance to the blush. It was only through the able efforts of the police that he escaped to the dressing-room without sustaining bodily injury.

It is as rich as jelly cake to read about Umpire Goldsmith being brutally assaulted by journalistic tormentors. "Goldy" is one of the thick-skinned characters, and if they had gone at him with clubs it is doubtful if they could have made any impression.

If we remember rightly, Goldsmith can call to memory a little incident where a hack-driver had his head and eyes stuck between the spokes of his hind wheel and the horses started off. The rescue, it is said, was made by ball players.

"JUNE."

The following letter was received at the "Police Gazette" office June 12, from the directors of the Southern California Athletic Club of Los Angeles, in regard to the wrangle between Joe Ellingsworth and Jack Dempsey:

EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE:—Sir: The situation in regard to the middle-weight championship of America needs straightening out, and I think the POLICE GAZETTE, which is looked upon as the leading authority on prize ring rules and usages and questions governing the championship, should insist on Jack Dempsey defending the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the middle-weight championship, which title he claims.

The Southern California Athletic Club were first in the field with their offer to put up a purse of \$3,000 for Joe Ellingsworth and Jack Dempsey to box for, and they are still ready to put up the purse.

Dempsey holds the "Police Gazette" diamond belt as his personal property, and ignores all rules, and hippodromes and fights when and where he pleases, contrary to the rules governing the championship. Ellingsworth certainly has the privilege and the right to challenge Dempsey, he claiming to be the champion, and it is the opinion of sporting men that Dempsey's failure to meet Ellingsworth, and his repudiation of a challenge to contend and defend the championship should compel his forfeiture of the title. Ellingsworth challenged Dempsey to battle for the middle-weight championship, and the champion has ignored the challenge, and Ellingsworth will now claim the title.

NILES WINTERS,
Sec. Southern Cal. Athletic Club.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

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A WEEK WITH 'SPORTS.'

Humidity Hath No Terrors for the
Well-Built.

THERMOMETER RECORD-BREAKERS

On June 12 Wm. O'Connor defeated George Lee in a three-mile race at Salt Lake City.

At Le Clair, Mich., on June 22, Joe Sheehy and Frank Killen of Grand Rapids are to "mill" for a purse of \$400.

Judge Cullen has quashed the indictment for perjury against Paddy King, the Staten Island wrestler and athlete.

At Wichita, Kan., on May 24, Capt. Tom Shields, the wrestler, put the 23-pound stone 33 feet; threw 16-pound hammer 110 feet, Caledonian rules.

At Autell, France, on June 9, the Grand steeple-chase was won by Le Turpill. ur, with The Sikh second and Fairfax third. There were 14 stylists.

Joe Ellingsworth and John Ellingsworth have been engaged as instructors of boxing for the Southern California Athletic Club at Los Angeles.

Matsada Sorakichi, the Japanese wrestler, is at Seattle, W. T. Since he left New York City he has engaged in several matches with varied success.

Edward Hanlan, the ex-champion oarsman of the world, who in 1876 won his title at Philadelphia, and held it against all comers until Beach defeated him, has returned from Australia.

A correspondent writes from Ironwood, Mich., that there is great interest being taken in the Kilrain-Sullivan fight, and quite a party will go from that neck of the woods to witness the mill.

Pat Killen has accepted the Golden Gate Club's offer to fight Joe McAuliffe for a purse of \$2,500. He will start for San Francisco June 15 with "Father" Goadley and give sparring exhibitions en route.

Louis Jester, the champion light-weight of Ohio, who recently won Harry Umlah, of this city, on a foul, will box eight rounds with Umlah at the Binghamton (N. Y.) Opera House for \$5 and 25 per cent. of the gate.

A. V. Cook, the well-known sporting man of Jonesboro, Ill., writes that he will match R. M. Morley to jump all comers in any kind of a jump for any amount. Any one wishing to arrange a match can do so by corresponding with the POLICE GAZETTE.

The well-known turfman, R. Tucker, has offered Dan Hozak \$5,000 for the three-year-old brown colt Cartoon, by Reform, Dan Clark. The latter, however, refuses to take less than \$10,000. Cartoon is now considered one of the very best sprinters of any age in the West.

Henry C. Peterson of San Francisco, the well-known sculler, sends from Salt Lake City a challenge to John McKay of Halifax, N. S., to row him a single-scutt race, three miles with a turn, on some Eastern course, for \$1,000 a side, the race to occur four weeks after the signing of the articles.

Jack McAuliffe's offer to box a limited number of rounds July 4 with any of the light-weights has been accepted by the Boston pugilist, Mike Daly. Capt. Bill Daly, who is manager for Mike, telegraphed that Mike Daly would meet McAuliffe on the day named in a ten or twenty round contest on McAuliffe's own terms.

A special from Denver to the "Police Gazette" says: "William O'Connor, the champion oarsman, has brought suit against the Utah and Nevada Railroad Company, the Gardfield Beach Boat Club, the Pacific Hotel Company, and S. C. Saller for \$500 damages for unlawfully detaining his boat. He sues also for the recovery of the boat, which are now replevined by him.

The shooting match at Grand Crossing on June 8 between Kleins, of Philadelphia, and C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, was an interesting event. The latter broke the record of 12 gauge guns by killing 98 out of 100 selected tame pigeons from grand traps at 30 yards' rise. The shoot was for the American Field Cup and \$250 a side. Budd won the cup from J. R. Stice, of Jacksonville, only a short time ago, and then Kleins challenged for it.

There have already been battles in the prize ring in Oklahoma. On May 18 Jack Keefe, of Sioux City, the champion of Dakota, and Paddy Shea, of Wichita, the champion of Kansas, fought in Moore's large pavilion at Guthrie, and over 600 persons were present. Keefe weighed 162 pounds and Shea 172. There was some hard hitting for six rounds, when a draw was declared. A week later Keefe undertook to knock out Jim Daly, of Philadelphia, in six rounds. Keefe knocked his man down four times in the last round, but Daly was on his feet at the call of time, and Keefe forfeited \$50.

Jack Ashton declares that he is not afraid to meet Pete Jackson, but proposes an impossible solution of the difficulty. He says: "Let us fight under London rules, for \$2,500 a side, half way between San Francisco and New York." This, of course, is not refusing to fight Pete, but when a 175-pound man of Ashton's calibre talks of a difference in weight between himself and any opponent, no matter how big, and when, with a place like the California Athletic Club with its big purse and its certainty of fair play offering a battle ground, he wants to take more chances and less money by engaging in a London rules fight, you can safely wager that he prefers some other antagonist.

A slashing mill was fought near Waterbury, Conn., on June 2, between Edward Hickox, twenty-four, and Clayton Andrews, twenty-six years old. Hickox was seconded by Michael Burns and Thomas Hanlon, and Andrews by Jack McClellan and Pete Keely. The referee was Edward McDonald, of New York. The mill was a hot one from start to finish, both men slugging vigorously. Andrews had the best of it until the eleventh round, when he pleaded lack of condition and wanted the fight postponed to a later date, when he would meet Hickox for \$500. Referee McDonald, after the refusal of Andrews to continue, gave the purse to Hickox.

The preparations for the great nine-day twelve-hour-a-day pedestrian contest at the Sea Beach Palace, Coney Island, commencing June 29, are progressing rapidly. The race is for the world's championship, and half of the gate receipts go to the pedestrians. There are, besides the chief race, many minor feature races calculated to excite curiosity and interest. Several Mongolians, of pedestrian as well as washee-washee proclivities, have entered. The entries for the main race close June 22. Eugene Fieldner has entered the letter carriers' race, five miles, for a gold medal and the championship of New York. Among the newcomers who have sent in their names are "Shrimps" Murphy, "Spikes" Casey and Tommy Delong. Happy Jack Smith will be the referee. Among the entries for the main race are such well-known names as Cartwright, Connor, Howarth, Hegelman, Herty, Sinclair, Smith, Albert and Burns.

At Ironwood, Mich., on June 7, Johnnie Van Heest and Doc Mack fought with small gloves for a purse and gate money. Joe Sheehy was chosen referee. It was a walk-way for Van Heest. Mack never had any show to win, and the fight was prolonged for the purpose of giving the crowd its money's worth. Van Heest scored first blood and a clear knock down in the second round. In the third round Johnnie played perseveringly on Doc's swollen proboscis, so that he was mighty glad to hear time called. Mack showed a decided disposition to pull off the gloves and call it all over, but his second persuaded him to come to time for the fourth round. From this time Mack devoted himself to ducking Van Heest's blows, countering lightly in return. In the fifth round Mack was knocked against the wall, injuring his left shoulder. A knock-down blow in the 6th was more than enough for Mack and he lay there until Van Heest put him in his chair. Van Heest and Johnnie O'Brien will fight again before long.

Longfish won the St. Louis Derby without whip or spur recently at St. Louis. Summary:

St. Louis Fair Derby, \$2,500; for three-year-olds (foals of 1886); \$50 each, half forfeit, or only \$10 if declared by April 1, 1889 (all declarations void unless accompanied by the money), with \$2,400 added; the winner of any three-year-old stake race of the value of \$2,000 to carry 5 pounds extra; second to receive \$500, third \$200, out of the stakes. Mile and one half.

W. L. Cassidy's b. c. Longfish, by Longfellow—Kate Fisher, 118..... Blaylock 1
Santa Anita Stable's ch. c. Callente, by Rutherford—Marie Stuart, 118..... Murphy 2
Reverewick Stables' b. c. Cassidy, by Longfellow—Southern Belle, 118..... Tarr 3
William Mulkey's br. c. Le Premier, 118..... Elke 4
W. E. Richardson's ch. c. Teuton, 118..... Suval 5
Tom Treacy's b. c. Glockner, 118..... Kiley 6

Betting: Longfish, 3 to 1; Callente, 3 to 1; Glockner, 6 to 1; Cassidy, 4 to 1; Teuton, 2 to 1; Le Premier, 10 to 1. Longfish won by four lengths in 2.39½.

The following specials were received at this office:

CHICAGO, June 13, 1889.

POLICE GAZETTE.—There is much interest manifested here over the Sullivan and Kilrain fight for the "Police Gazette" champion belt, \$20,000 and the championship of the world. As the date for the battle approaches those who have maintained John L. would win are getting more confident daily as the big fellow continues to show he means business. His training has been continued carefully and he is already in excellent form. The time for the battle has drawn so near that those who contended it would never come off are gradually giving up in their steadfastness to their opinions. As the betting stands, Sullivan's backers in this city are giving odds of \$1,000 to \$400. Kilrain has, however, gained many followers by his quiet and modest way, and quite a number of the members of the Board of Trade have planked several large bets on the chances of his success, in many cases laying even money. A special train will leave this city with Chas. E. Davies, Billy Lakeman, Mike McDonald and John Charles, of Baltimore, all of whom are great admirers of Kilrain. The Chicago contingent will leave on July 1.

MONTAUX.

DENVER, Col., June 13.

William H. Masterson, better known as "Batt" Masterson, ex-United States Marshal, has organized a party of sporting men from Dodge City, Pueblo and this place, who will start on the 28th inst. for New Orleans to witness the great prize fight between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain for \$20,000 and the championship of the world. Among the party are several well-known Western sporting men, who will carry a large amount of money to bet on Kilrain, for the majority of them are Kilrain's admirers. Sullivan has a strong following in this city, and already several hundred dollars have been bet on the result of July's great battle.

ROLAND.

THE CORBETT-CHOYNSKI MILL.

The Worst Exhibition of Slugging Ever Seen on the Pacific Coast.

The POLICE GAZETTE correspondent sends the following particulars of the fatal battle between Jim Corbett and Joe Choyynski, fought at Benicia, Cal., recently:

One of the worst exhibitions of brutal slugging seen on this coast in years occurred on a barge in Sacramento river, near Benicia, when Jim Corbett, boxing instructor at the Olympic Club, and Joe Choyynski, a clever local heavy-weight, settled the fight which was interrupted by the sheriff of Marion county on Decoration Day. The men were enemies, and this rivalry had been increased by their partisans.

Corbett had repeatedly declared he could whip Choyynski, and he demonstrated his boast to day by knocking him out in 27 rounds, although he broke a bone in his left wrist in the fifth

round, and his right was badly hurt by guarding. Corbett fought with ounce gloves and Choyynski with ordinary driving gloves. Corbett was twenty pounds heavier than his opponent, and he proved far the cleverer man. Choyynski from the start appeared unable to reach Corbett, who continued jabbing him on the nose. He occasionally varied this by jabs in the ribs.

The result was that in a short time Choyynski's face was a mass of gore, his nose was broken, and every time he drew his breath blood spouted out in a shower, and both men looked as though they were in a slaughter house. Corbett showed wonderful cleverness in evading Choyynski's rushes, and old experts likened his quickness to Jim Macoe's. There was little skill shown by Choyynski, who simply stood and received blow after blow on his nose, which he seemed unable to protect. Finally, in the twenty-seventh round, he was felled by a heavy blow, and couldn't get up until 12 seconds had passed.

He was a terrible sight when his seconds carried him from the ring. His distorted and swollen face seemed to be bleeding at every pore. He was not knocked senseless, but was so weak

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The result was that in a short time Choyynski's face was a mass of gore, his nose was broken, and every time he drew his breath blood spouted out in a shower, and both men looked as though they were in a slaughter house. Corbett showed wonderful cleverness in evading Choyynski's rushes, and old experts likened his quickness to Jim Macoe's. There was little skill shown by Choyynski, who simply stood and received blow after blow on his nose, which he seemed unable to protect. Finally, in the twenty-seventh round, he was felled by a heavy blow, and couldn't get up until 12 seconds had passed.

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KILRAIN-SULLIVAN.

"Referee's" Dissertation on the Prowess of the Big 'Uns.

HOW THE DOUBTERS WERE SILENCED

One of the pugilistic sensations of the season, I think, is the ratification of a match between Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil and Ruler of the "Police Gazette" middle-weight champion belt, and George LeBlanche, the Marine, whom the California Athletic Club are offering a purse of \$5,500 to battle for.

Ever since these rival middle-weights fought in 1886 for \$3,500 and the "Police Gazette" middle-weight championship, at Larchmont (which encounter ended in a victory for Dempsey), there has always been a question as to whether Dempsey would have defeated the Marine if he had not struck him unawares, when LeBlanche dropped his hands and was not on guard.

The many admirers of the Marine have always maintained that Dempsey won on a fluke, and since then the Marine has time and again been eager to meet the unconquered Dempsey, but could not find anyone who cared about finding the "sinews of war" for him to again meet the Nonpareil.

Now that the California Athletic Club has put up such a large purse and both LeBlanche and Dempsey have agreed to meet in the arena, the question as to whether the battle at Larchmont was decided by a fluke or by Dempsey's superiority will be settled.

Over three years have elapsed since that exciting battle was fought, and the question arises, "Has Dempsey improved since that time, or gone stale?" On the other hand, "Is LeBlanche the same pugilist in form as when he fought Dempsey for the middle-weight championship, or has he improved?" August 27 will decide the question.

By the way, I think that Dempsey's treatment of Joe Ellingsworth has not been fair, as he promised to give him the show he offered Johnny Beagan if he would go to California. Ellingsworth accepted the offer in good faith, but when he got there Dempsey threw him over for this match. His friends say that he is not a fighter for sentiment, nor does he battle merely to accommodate a man who wishes to accumulate fame by contesting with him. He has got far beyond that stage of the game, and is now a pugilist for seven reasons. If he were to defeat Ellingsworth he would only get \$3,000, while if he beats the Marine he receives \$5,000. That, they say, tells the whole story in a nutshell. They also say that the Marine is an easier job than Joe is likely to prove, and claim that no one can blame Dempsey for getting the best of it when he can. The battle between Jack and George is sure to attract a good deal of attention, though, if the Nonpareil's stamina is not impaired, he should win now easier than he did when he met him before.

There is no doubting that LeBlanche has seen his best days. He is still a hurricane fighter, but he cannot go a distance, and any first-class man who can withstand him ten rounds stands a first-class chance of whipping him. He cannot get on to Dempsey as he can ordinary fighters, and when his belt is shot he is sure to fall a victim to Dempsey's superior skill.

Mike Daly, of Bangor, has accepted Jack McLaughlin's challenge to any light-weight to box on the 4th of July, and they will probably meet on that date at some Station Island "athletic exhibition." Daly is one of the best men of his weight in America, and once held McLaughlin's very level in a four-round contest at Boston. McLaughlin's friends say that at that time his hands were puffed up and sore, and that he was as fat as a pig besides. Be that as it may, he will have no such excuse to offer this time. His hands now are perfectly well, and he has just as much time to get in condition as Daly has.

McLaughlin has given up all hope of inducing Billy Meyer to fight him a ten or twenty-round contest in this vicinity. Meyer is as firm as adamant in his determination to fight only to a finish, and they will probably meet in California some time in the fall.

If they do come together in California, sporting men will either see the liveliest scrap they have ever set eyes on, or the most fatiguing walk around imaginable. McLaughlin will ask the California club to instruct its referee to incorporate that rule of the London prize ring which requires the men to strike a blow or make a genuine offer to strike one in 5 minutes, into the ones which will govern his contest.

The Monmouth Park Association announces that the racing season of 1889, of twenty days, will commence on July 4, and continue on July 6, and on each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday thereafter until Aug. 17.

The date fixed for the greatest fist encounter on record—I mean the Kilrain and Sullivan battle for the "Police Gazette" champion belt, \$20,000 and the championship of the world—is fast drawing near, and the interest over the result of the meeting between these renowned fist heroes is increasing. Everything connected so far with the prize ring encounter has been conducted on strictly business principles. The conditions specified in the protocol have been carried out with promptness, and as far no hitch has occurred. The match was ratified without any wrangling, and neither of the contracting parties gained any advantage when the great match was ratified. The final deposit was put up promptly at the time and place agreed upon.

A final stakeholder, the selection of which many thought would be the rock upon which the great pugilistic ship would split, was avoided, and a responsible person chosen to hold the \$20,000, the largest amount of stakes ever fought for.

The "Police Gazette" champion belt, which is part and parcel of the great match, was left with Mr. "Al" Cridge two days ahead of the time when it should have been put up.

The next act in the pugilistic drama was the tossing for the choice of battle ground, and this event was brought without a wrangle, and nothing is now to be done but for the men to enter the arena at the place selected by Jack Kilrain (he having won the toss) and settle the mooted question in regard to who is the champion.

Kilrain is steadily training near Baltimore, under the mentorship of Charlie Mitchell and Johnny Murphy, of Boston, while Sullivan is training at Belfast, under the care of Mike Cleary.

An exchange says: The manner in which John L. Sullivan is preparing for his fight is not the way that champions did in our grandfather's days. Here is a man who is to battle for the biggest stakes ever fought for in a month from date, and yet up to now he has not done a week's consecutive work at real genuine training. It is true that it is nearly three weeks since Sullivan went to Muldoon's farm for the purpose of training, and great stress was laid on the fact that there he would be away from the evil influences which tempted him to drink in this city, but he had hardly filled his lungs with fresh country air until Muldoon whisked him away to Detroit, to Cincinnati, to Philadelphia and to this city to give exhibitions of wrestling. He left this city to return to Muldoon's farm June 6, but the floods in the rivers in the western part of the State prevented his reaching it.

When Tom Crib trained for his last fight with Tom Moynaux, he spent four months in careful preparation under the then most famous trainer in the world, Captain Barclay. In

that time he took off about twenty-eight pounds, and he went to the scratch not only sound in wind, but as hard as nails, and the perfection of his condition had much to do with his victory, for the old chronicles tell us that the black lost heart when he saw in what perfect condition his antagonist was. He had not thought it possible for him to get into such good form.

I see that both Harvard and Yale's crack crews are training for their great race, and, as usual, great interest is manifested over the affair.

Johnny Griffen, of Boston, who I expect to see pose as the feather-weight champion of America, has gone to San Francisco to meet Tommy Warren. Griffen, it will be remembered, beat Johnny Havlin in a contest a couple of weeks ago. When asked if he did not think that Havlin was stale and had gone back on his form, he replied: "I do not know; I hit him pretty hard," said he, "from the very start, and the blows dazed him. He never seemed to recover from them, and I guess that was what ailed him." Griffen is not a boastful little fellow, but his friends believe that he will defeat Warren almost as easily as he did Havlin. Whether he will or not remains to be seen.

J. S. Mitchell, the well-known Irish athlete, on June 8, accomplished a wonderful performance at hammer-throwing. He threw the 12-pound hammer 142 feet 10½ inches on the first trial, and on the second he threw it 145 feet 6½ inches.

It is a mooted question as to who will win the American Derby. McCarthy, of California, expects to carry off the prize with Sorrento; Baldwin, the millionaire turfman, expects to do the trick with Callente; Armstrong has an idea he will win the prize with Spokane.

Bryant says that Proctor Knott will do nothing until Chicago is reached, when he proposes to win the Derby, beat Spokane and show that he owns the greatest race horse in this country. He declares that Knott was hardly fit in his first race with Spokane in the Kentucky Derby, and in the Clark stake the horse was almost a corpse. He says Knott can beat Spokane at any weights in a mile and a half, and he proposes to bid his time, get his horse fit and out of his hack and go to Chicago and do it. So it goes.

By the bye! Spokane Falls has been claiming the honor of having Spokane, Armstrong's \$40,000 horse, named after the place. Captain Armstrong recently said with reference to naming the colt: "In naming Spokane I had two reasons in view; first, to honor Spokane Falls, W. T., and secondly because of an old Indian horse tradition of that locality which very much interested me." Thus the owner of Montana's great colt has settled all controversy and contention regarding the naming of Spokane. The fact that he was not named after the Montana village does not lessen him in the estimation of her people, however.

What's in a name, anyway? Spokane would have made the Kentucky Derby distance over Churchill Downs at Louisville, in 2:34½, which is the fastest time the Kentucky Derby has ever run, if his name had been Jones. Yet I do not deny that the little town by the falls in Wyoming Territory has something to brag about and feel proud of at present; but wait!

As the time draws near for the running of the American Derby, the interest in the result of the great event increases, and the race-going public are beginning to realize that the stake is a very open one. The splendid record of Proctor Knott as a two-year-old made him a strong winter favorite, and the highly satisfactory reports of the progress of his spring training only served to strengthen the faith of the army of turf followers. His performance in the Two Thousand Stake at Nashville, in which he was pulled back to let his stable companion, Come to Taw, win, did not shake the confidence of his supporters, as it was quite evident that he ran second in order to avoid the penalty. Although his trainer and half-owner had announced that he would not start for the Kentucky Derby, neither public nor press credited the assertion.

But the temptation to pick up a little sure money on the way, and at the same time achieve the glory of winning the Kentucky Derby, overcome wise resolutions, and the colt started and was defeated by the Illinois-bred and Montana-raised Spokane. The finish was exceedingly close, and the time 2:34½, was very fast. Many friends of the favorite declared the race was a fluke, but as the pair met again at Louisville in the Clark stake, when Spokane defeated him easily, we must come to the conclusion that the son of Hyder Ali is the best colt at Landon he started in the Hymus Stake, which was won by his stable companion, Come to Taw, Loughness easily defeating Proctor Knott for the second place.

Spokane at the present is the hero of the hour, and his great public performances prove him to be a great race horse, but they do not amount to a mortgage on this stake, which has many other eligible candidates. His race in the Kentucky Derby was a great one, but in the Clark Stake he had nothing to press him at the finish. His owner has wisely determined to reserve him for the American Derby, and from now to the day of the race the trainer's art will be devoted to prepare him, so that on that eventful day he will be on wire edge for the great event of his life.

Hindocraft, the winner of the Latonia Derby, and Longfish, the winner of the St. Louis Derby, are not in the list of nominations, but the list is rich with probable starters of high reputation. French Park, the unbeaten son of King Ban, out of Lou Pike, with his stable companion, Sam Wood, by Longfellow, out of Lucy Jackson, will go from the East to do battle for the premier prize of Washington Park. The former won seven times last season, defeating many of the best two-year-olds of his year.

The following list shows at what low prices great turf performers are sometimes sold. Very many wise horsemen think they can tell just how fast a horse can go by looking at him, or by tape-line measurements, but a glance at the names below should teach them better. The shrewdest man cannot do this with any degree of accuracy. Most of the following were sold at public auction, untrained. Many other instances besides the cases I mention might be cited and the list increased to great length:

Maid S., 2:08½	250	John W. 2:33½	68
Director, 2:17	200	Majolica, 2:15	245
King Almont, 2:20	200	Princeton, 2:25	245
Egypt, 2:18	480	Troublesome, 2:25½	230
Tucker, 2:19	235	Guy, 2:12	460
Norfolk, 2:20½	160	Westmont, pacer, 2:13½	450
Excutor, 2:24½	180	Honesty, pacer, 2:22	100
Ross Wilkes, 2:18½	400	M. Wilkes, pacer, 1:16½	500

Three of the above afterwards sold for a total of \$72,000. Maid Messenger (2:16½), when a colt, sold for \$12.50, we understand; St. Julien went for \$600 when young; Goldsmith Maid was considered worth \$200 at six years old; Dexter was sold for \$400 when a four-year-old, and Flora Temple, at the same age, for the magnificent sum of \$13,500; Blackwood's dam brought \$125, and shortly afterwards foaled the black horse that sold for \$30,000; Midnight, the dam of Jay-Eye-See, sold for \$135, and afterward produced the little gelding that now has a record of 2:10.

REFEREE.

The festive Billy Jordan, the famous M. C. of all leading pugilistic encounters and exhibitions on the Pacific Coast, and who is also identified with the California Athletic Club, which is *ne plus ultra*, called at this office on June 4, with the famous middle-weight, Young Mitchell. The latter is a cool, shrewd, calculating pugilist. He is very unpretentious, by no means a boaster, and has gained full knowledge of the ins and outs of the pugilistic game, and there is not the least doubt but that he is a good book without any fancy cover. Both were surprised to see the trophies and the POLICE GAZETTE building, and during their stay they were met by Jack Kilrain, and were able to judge for themselves in regard to the champion's quiet and modest demeanor. Billy Jordan and Young Mitchell were well received at Boston by James Keenan, and they were honored in this city. On June 6, with Johnny Griffen, the coming feather-weight champion, they left for San Francisco.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jack Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$5.00 to this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR PURCHASING DEPARTMENT.

Owing to the numerous orders that we are daily receiving for all kinds of Sporting Goods, Portraits, Books, etc., of every description, we have, for the convenience of the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, opened a

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The department is in charge of a thoroughly competent man, and any orders that we are favored with will be filled at the manufacturers' and publishers' lowest prices. Orders filled promptly and must be in every case accompanied by the cash. Address PURCHASING DEPARTMENT, POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

J. B. T., Glasgow.—It means any hat.

J. H. C., Fort Russell, Wyo.—No such book published.

W. R. S., Sheriff's Office, Wichita, Kan.—Thanks for item.

J. W., Tamaqua, Pa.—Sullivan and Ryan did not fight for a belt.

M. J. D., Hartford, Conn.—1. No. 2. Jack Kilrain is 31 years of age.

J. C. W., New York.—Kilrain was born in Columbia county, N. Y., in 1859.

G. S., Abbott's Langley, England.—The books you mention are all out of print.

E. F. C., Tobias, Neb.—No, it was nothing extraordinary, when men walk eight miles in one hour.

B. McC., Battle City, Mont.—We have more photos than we can use. Send on a new one, with sketch.

D. C., Davenport, Iowa.—Write to W. J. Judd, 1338 Tenth avenue, New York city. Mention this paper.

J. C. M., Davenport, Neb.—Kilrain and Sullivan have boxed at exhibitions, but never met in a contest on their merits.

T. E. S., Vancouver Barracks, W. T.—There is no one but Hoffman or his manager that could give you a correct figure.

W. P. E., Station O, Boston.—1. Send 15 cents and we will mail you a book containing all the records. 2. Not that has been authenticated.

C. & K., Stamford, Conn.—John L. Sullivan broke his arm while engaging in a glove contest at Minneapolis with Patsy Carlin, and not with Pat Kilren.

J. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Jack Dempsey and George LeBlanche fought once for the "Police Gazette" champion belt, \$3,500, and Dempsey won. The battle was fought at Larchmont, N. Y., in 1886.

TURFITE, Baltimore.—1. No. 2. The two cracks of Winters' California racing stable are the three-year-old Don Jose and the two-year-old El Rio Rey, also a brother to The Star and Emperor.

A. S., Santa Ana, Los Angeles Co., Cal.—The majority of swimming records are unreliable. Put up a forfeit and issue a challenge. Send 25 cents and we will mail you book with all records.

C. A. B., Hong Kong, China.—Jem Smith and Charley Mitchell did not meet, owing to Smith meeting with an accident while training. Mitchell is in this country, training Jack Kilrain for his battle with John L. Sullivan.

T. S., Latonia, Ky.—The Newmarket stakes, for three-year-olds, was won by Donovan on May 22, at Newmarket, England. The Turfophone second, Laureate third. There were 17 starters. The Duke of Portland owned the first and second horses.

J. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—St. Blaise, the English stallion, was imported by August Belmont. His first representatives have covered themselves and him with glory at Gravesend, where St. James won the Sealster; St. Carlo the Great American, worth \$20,000, and Padishah the Bedford.

A. S. D., Philadelphia.—1. Yes. 2. There is no doubt but what Spokane made the Kentucky Derby distance in 2:34½, although some people who don't know anything about it think to the contrary. A good many of these persons were a thousand miles from Louisville when the race was run.

W. C., Albany, N. Y.—The Withers Stakes for three-year-olds at Jerome Park was won by the Castle Stables' b. c. Diablo, in 1:45½, which was the same time as that of Tyrant in 1885, but not the best, for the stake, George Kinney having won in 1:43 in 1:45. The next best is Aristides in 1:47, in 1:45½.

M. J., Louisville, Ky.—1. No. 2. St. Carlo, the winner of the Great American stakes for two-year-olds, is by imported St. Blaise, dam Carnia, by imported Ill-Used. St. Blaise was the English Derby winner in 1883. He is a son of Hermit and Fusée, and St. Carlo's dam is one of August Belmont's best mares.

M. J. D., Harrisburg, Pa.—The largest stake ever fought for in the prize ring so far is \$10,000. Tom Hyer and Jim—better known as Yankee—Sullivan fought for \$10,000. John C. Hoenan and Tom King fought for \$10,000. Jack Kilrain and Jem Smith fought for \$10,000. John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan fought for \$5,000. Charley Mitchell and John L. Sullivan fought for \$5,000. The stake in the Kilrain and Sullivan battle for the "Police Gazette" champion belt and championship of the world is \$10,000 a side.

M. J. D., Tonawanda, N. Y.—1. Kilrain challenged Sullivan to battle for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" champion belt, July, 1887. 2. Kilrain was presented with the "Police Gazette" champion belt at Baltimore, Md., in August, 1887. Kilrain left for England, September, 1887. Kilrain returned to America, August, 1888. Kilrain sailed for England, March 12, 1889. Kilrain returned to America May 31, 1889. Kilrain posted the "Police Gazette" champion belt with the stakeholder June 6, 1889. Kilrain won the toss June 8, 1889.

T. A., Paterson, N. J.—The Juvenile Stakes at Jerome Park, New York, was won by J. A. & A. H. Morris' ch. f. Druidess, and was trained by Wyndam Walden. She was bred by D. D. Withers at Brookdale, in Monmouth County, N. J., and is a fine-looking filly, with a blaze face, and was sold a yearling at Monmouth Park last July to Wyndam Walden for Mr. Morris for \$500. The above is also the sixth winner of the Juvenile that Mr. Walden has trained, he having had Idalla in 1876, Senation in 1879, Spluway in 1880, Reveller in 1883 and Triton in 1884.

G. S., Troy, N. Y.—The Ladies' Juvenile Stakes at Jerome Park was won by August Belmont's b. f. Fides. This makes the fifth time that that gentleman has won these stakes, and he was highly congratulated. He first captured the Ladies' in 1872 with Victoria, when the distance was a mile and five furlongs. She was ridden by his first English jockey, Gradwell. Mr. Belmont next won the Ladies' in 1875 with Orlipa, at a mile and a half, in 2:42½, ridden by Evans, and in 1876 with Sultana, in 2:44, ridden by Billy Hayward, who also rode Carita, in 1880, in 2:44½.

R. D., Olean, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Yes. 3. The great fountain-head of the trotter, he who overshadows his lesser rivals, was Messenger, an English thoroughbred, foaled in 1780, originally noted for his value as a running horse and imported with a view to improving the standard of running horses or thoroughbreds in this country. Messenger was a grey, 15 hands 3 inches high, imported in 1783, died January 24, 1808. He sired several of the best running horses of his time and the trotting qualities of some of his progeny, mostly his grandchildren did not receive general attention until at least ten years after his death.

T. A. J., Los Angeles, Cal.—William J. O'Connor, who, by defeating John Teemer, of McKeesport, Penn., at Washington, D. C., November 24, 1888, becomes champion oarsman of America, and holder of the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup, was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1864, and weighs 165 pounds in condition. He came into prominence in 1884 as an amateur, winning the amateur championship in single and double sculls, with Enright as a partner. He became a professional oarsman in 1885, and has since defeated the following noted oarsmen: Henry Stone, Minneapolis; S. Ritz, Penn.; 1885; C. T. Enright, Toronto, 1886; Hugh Wise, Toronto, 1888; Albert Hamm, Halifax, 1886; Geo. W. Lee, New York, 1887; George Hosmer, Boston, 1886; Wallace Ross, St. John, N. B., 1886; Henry Peterson, San Francisco, 1888; Jacob Udundar, St. Louis, 1888; Ed Hanlan, Toronto, 1887; George Bueber, England, 1886; John Teemer, McKeesport, Penn., 1888; Chas. Courtney, Union Springs, N. Y., 1886; Jack Gaudaur, California, 1889.

M. J. S., New York City.—Sensation, by Imp. Leamington, son of Faugh a Ballagh, bred by A. Welch, Erdenhelm Stud, Pa., foaled 1887, dam Susan Beane, dam of Stratford, Susquehanna, Onondaga, etc., by Lexington, son of Boston, out of Sally Lewis, dam of John Morgan, Hunter's Lexington, Acrobat, etc., by Imp. Glencoe. Sensation is a brown, full 16 hands high, with a white

stripe down his face, and a little white on the pastern of his left fore leg. He has a fine, well-placed shoulder and is symmetrically formed all over, with faultless action and good temper. From being a son of Leamington, and tracing to a racing family, and being an uncommonly fine race horse, he should get race horses. He has the Pantolon and Whalbone crosses on the sire's side, and the Glencoe on the dam's, with the blood of Sir Archy and Diomed through its best sources.

"SPORTING LIFE" ON KILRAIN.

Regarding Jack Kilrain's departure from England, the London *Sporting Life* publishes the following: "To-day (Wednesday) Jack Kilrain, holder of the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt, representing the championship of the world, will sail for America in the Adriatic (White Star Line), accompanied by Charles Mitchell and his wife. They will leave Euston Station at 7.15 A. M. and embark on board the tender at Prince's Landing stage at 3 P. M. Kilrain, who has been taking great care of himself lately, looks wonderfully well, and should John L. Sullivan face him in the ring he has every confidence that he will retain the championship and the belt, which he is bound in honor to defend against all comers. As our readers are aware, the battle, which will be for the 'Police Gazette' belt, the championship of the world and \$10,000 a side, is fixed to come off near New Orleans on Monday, July 8, the stake money having already been deposited with Mr. A. H. Cridge, of the firm of Messrs. Cridge & Murray, the well-known American leviathan commission agents. Both Kilrain and Mitchell, accompanied by Eugene Stratton, called at the *Sporting Life* office yesterday to bid good-bye to old friends, and they were met by Mr. George W. Atkinson (*Sporting Life*), the famous seconds, Jack Baldock and Jack Harper, also Tiny Hawkins. An adjournment was made to Anderson's Hotel, presided over by the Messrs. Clemen, where, over a bottle or two of Mumm's 'extra dry,' compliments and good wishes were exchanged. Jack, in his usual modest style, said: 'All I want is fair play in my match with Sullivan, and I have no doubt as to the result.' Those present joined in wishing Kilrain success. A more unassuming fellow or fairer fighter never put foot on English soil, and he carries with him the good wishes of everyone with whom he has come in contact.

"A saloon carriage was set apart, and on the platform to wish the voyagers good-bye and good luck were Messrs. Pury and Mrs. Moore, Eugene and Mrs. Stratton, 'The Whistling Coon,' G. W. Moore, Jun., and wife, Sam Raeburn, and George and Mrs. Fuller. Mitchell, his wife, Jack and Mr. R. Watson took their seats. Owing to the alteration in the time of starting, the public were conspicuous by their absence, and although Jack values highly the friendship of all Englishmen, he was rather pleased than otherwise that he left without a demonstration. Still, the employees of the railway were fully alive to the advent of the distinguished foreigner, and the infection becoming contagious, passengers and platform promenade soon betrayed the liveliest interest in the movements of the American and English fighters. At five minutes past ten the leave taking became general, and Mitchell, Jun., who was judiciously left behind set up a little tearful demonstration on his own account. Slowly the train steamed out of the station, and amid the waving of handkerchiefs and somewhat adieu, the small band of relatives and friends were lost to sight though to memory dear. Needless to state, Kilrain was the recipient of many handsome presents from his old trainer Charley Howell, Eugene Stratton, and others too numerous to mention. When fairly under weigh, Jack wished the writer to remember him kindly through the *Sporting Life* to the Brothers Sage (of Dublin), Pat Kelly, Dan Armitage, Jack McCarty, Mr. Tyson (of the Irish Constabulary), Mr. Fred Gallagher, Jack Hickey, Michael Joseph, 'The Daisly Irishman,' and others whose names he could not just then recall.

"Conversing with Kilrain on the subject of the fight with Sullivan, he remarked: 'In consequence of the hot weather, I shall go into the ring lighter than usual; but in cool weather I am sure to be 5 pounds heavier than I have previously fought. I shall commence my training on the boat, consisting chiefly of running, walking, dumbbells and sea baths. When I reach America I go straight on to Baltimore, and there remain until I leave for the fight, fixed for July 8. Charley Mitchell and Johnny Murphy will superintend my preparation, which will be very trying and irksome, owing to the hot weather. I could, of course, go to a cooler place, but the situation pitched for the fight (within 300 miles of New Orleans) is so terribly hot that it would be dangerous for me to risk the severe and sudden change. I don't anticipate a disturbance, notwithstanding rumor to the contrary, for I believe they will give me a fair show. Mr. Richard E. Fox, my backer, will give me all the stake money (\$20,000) if I am successful, and you bet, I shall win it as soon as I get the chance, which I hope will not be long in presenting itself. Kilrain, as is well known, believes in the adage, 'That upon their own merits modest men are dumb,' so that little could be extracted from him in the way of self glorification.

"Mitchell, usually so talkative and amusing, slumbered soundly for over four hours, and then, just as Kilrain and the writer were in the arms of Morpheus, an assault and battery was committed upon them by their companion with materials within his reach. There was no more peace and quietness, for, arriving at Crews, we substantially refreshed the inner man, and Mrs. Mitchell joined us in a seasonable repast. Now came an anxious moment for the travellers, and as we neared our journey's end it was palpably obvious that the train would be late. Arriving at Runcom all hope had fled, more especially on reading the announcement that the tender would leave punctually at three o'clock. A wire to Tom Andrews, of the Victoria Hotel, Liverpool, enabled that gentleman to acquaint the authorities of the White Star Line of Kilrain and Mitchell's arrival, and of the likelihood of their being late. In attendance, and anxiously waiting at the terminus was the far-famed Paddy Gill, Sam de Voy, and many members of the variety profession. Gill was our sheet anchor, and to him we entrusted our transit from the depot. Two cabs had been provided, and were quickly packed with baggage, and on we sped to the river-side, and reaching the landing stage, saw the Adriatic steaming gently past the Prince's Landing Station.

"The tender had gone, and apparently Kilrain's and Mitchell's chance of boarding the liner, but fortunately a steam tug, delayed to the very last moment in order to oblige the boxers, was still at her moorings, and with light hearts and proud thanks we stepped on board. The landing stage was now crowded, and the greatest possible interest taken in Mitchell and Kilrain. Still the Adriatic kept on her course, but our good ship went in rapid pursuit, and getting quickly alongside, ropes were thrown overboard and attached to the steamer. We now moved quietly alongside, keeping pace with the Adriatic. Soon Messrs. Mitchell, Charles, Jack, Paddy Gill and self were aboard, and for twenty minutes bore the Adriatic company. Meanwhile, the passengers curiously inclined kept silent observations until Gill and myself departed, which we did at twenty-five minutes to four. Need I state the farewell was feelingly reciprocated, and as we drifted in the contrary direction we raised our hats in acknowledgement of that regard of true friendship, the result of a long and pleasurable experience. The Adriatic now commenced to make greater headway. The glorious sun was illuminating her progress as she majestically glided along the swift highway. The solar rays flitted across the peaceful bosom of the Mersey, and seagulls followed peacefully in the wake of the steamer.

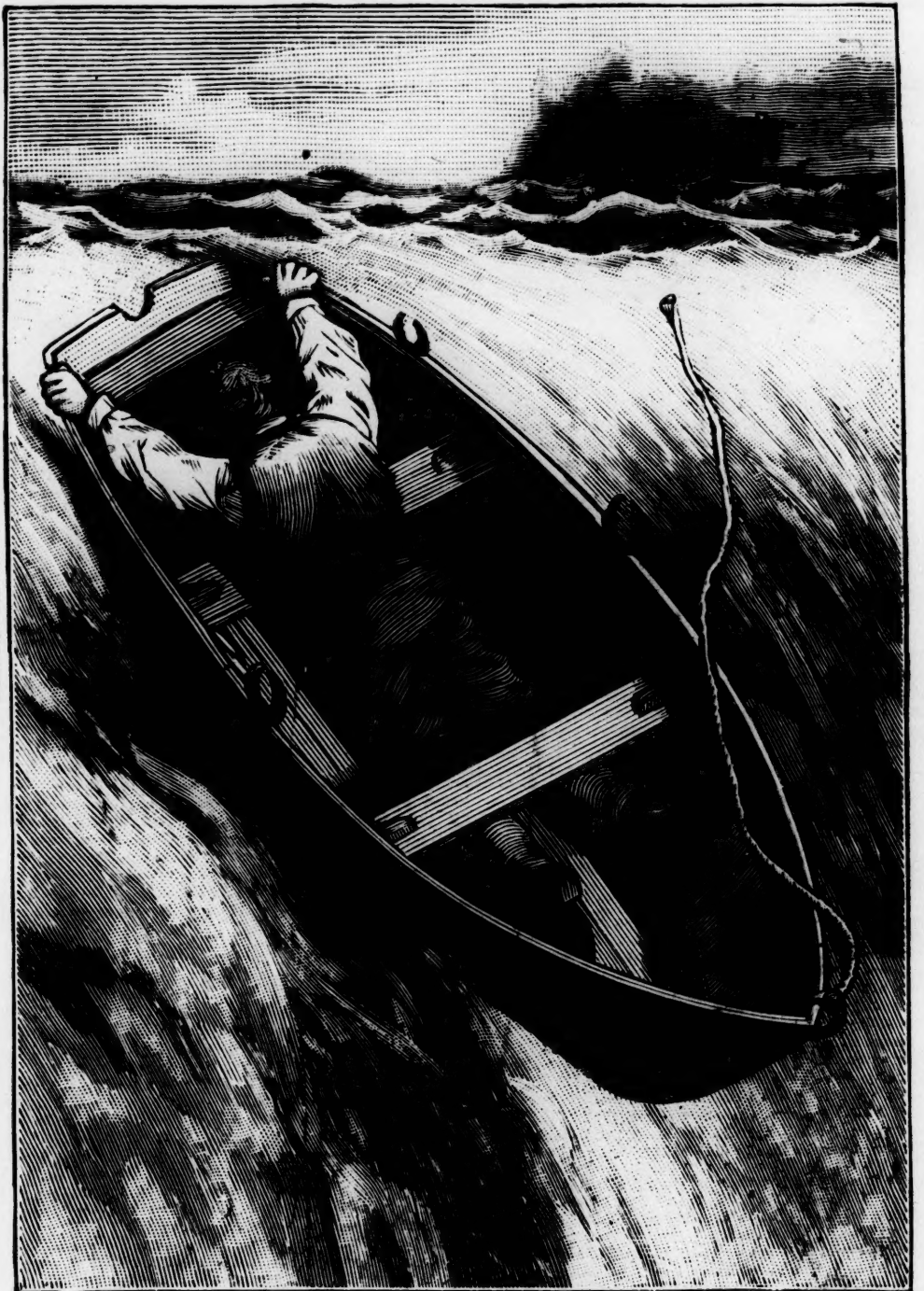
"Reaching terra firma, I turn for the last time upon the noble river to admire the City of Paris as she lies at anchor fresh from her great triumph of crossing the Atlantic in 6 days 30 minutes. The sun is a fair off, and the zephyr wind has raised a ripple upon what a few hours ago was almost a glassy surface. River steamers flit here and there, and the men who go down to the sea in ships stand idly by and discuss the events of the morrow. A peaceful glamour hangs over sea and land, and the ever-changing incidents afloat escape not the vigilant eye of the sailor, or fail not to excite the admiration of the writer. It was on a day of splendor such as our fickle climate rarely this time of the year experiences, and as the hour approaches for a change of scene the man who writes this brief history considers that his lines were cast in pleasant places when he was told off to relate the passing away from our shores of the genial American, Jack Kilrain, with his *Adus Achates*, Charley Mitchell."

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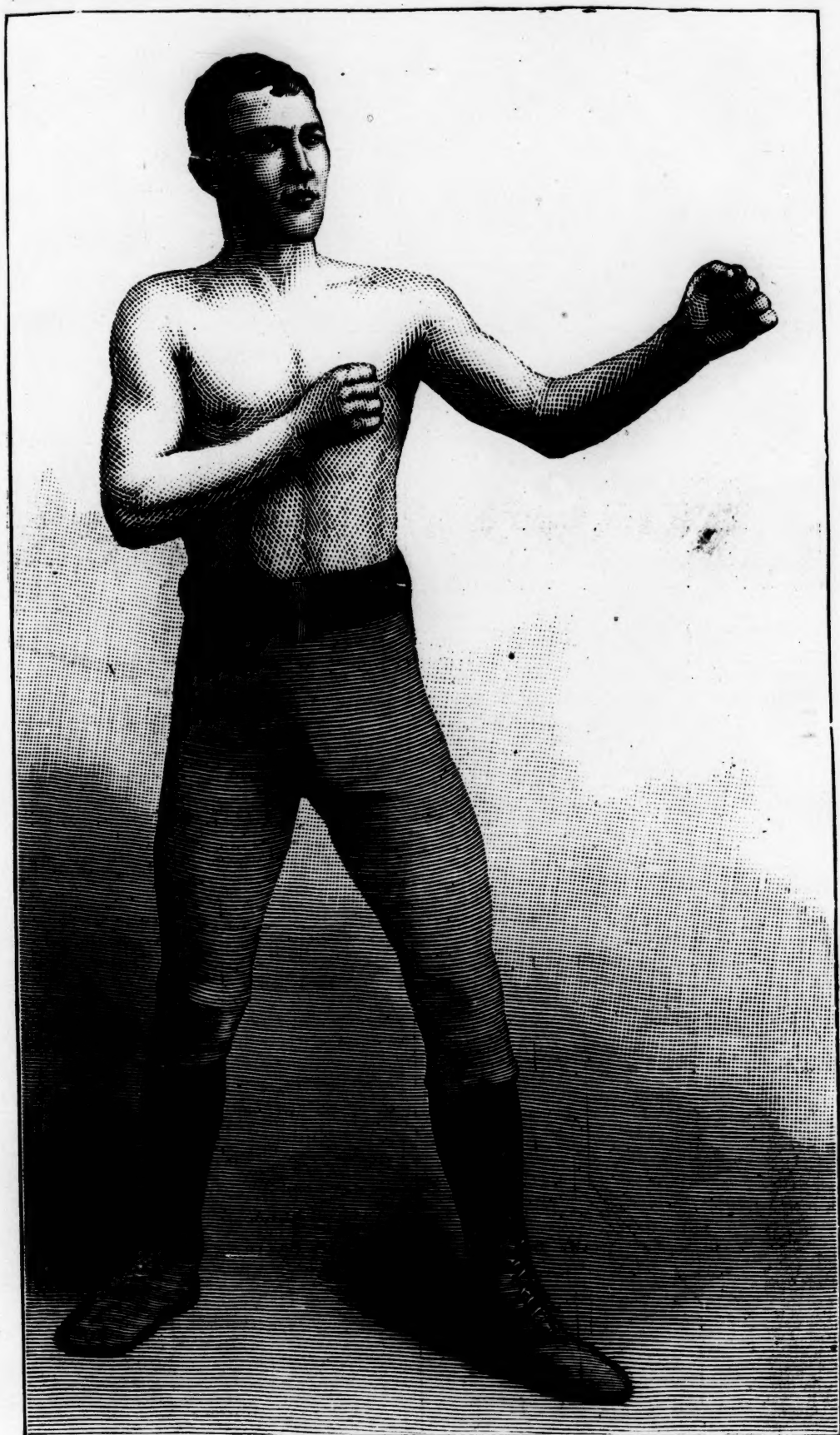
SWEEPED OVER HORSESHOE FALLS.

JACK WALKER AND FRANK DAVY WHO MET A TRAGIC DEATH IN THE RAPIDS OF NIAGARA, AFTER TUMBLING OVER THE PRECIPICE.



A PLUCKY CINCINNATI GIRL.

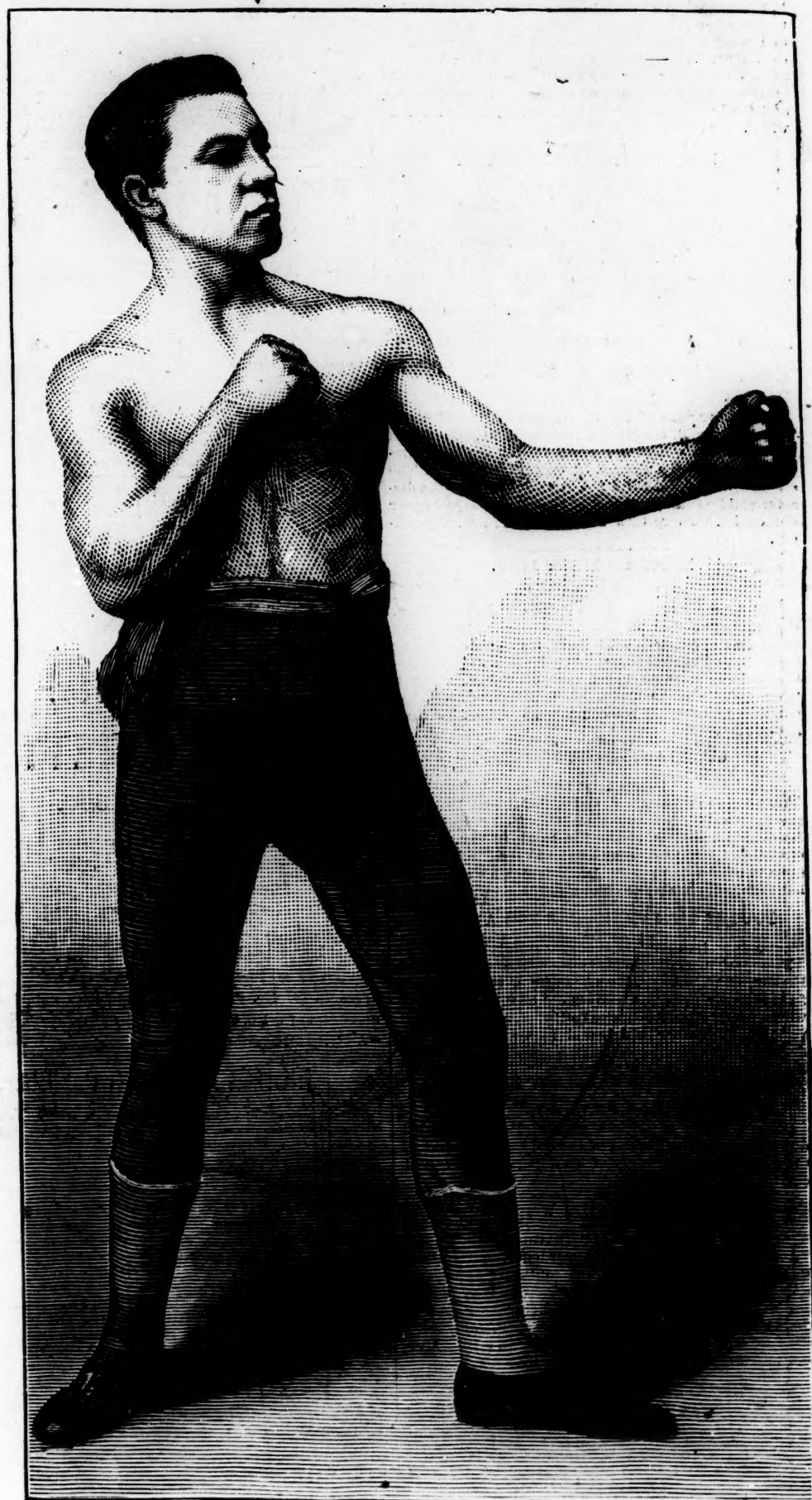
SHE INTERRUPTS A WOULD-BE BURGLAR IN HER ROOM AND SENDS HIM SCURRYING THROUGH THE WINDOW.



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